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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E .

Renée-Charlotte-Victoire de Froulay de Tessé, Marchioness de Créquy, de Heymont, de Canaples, etc., was one of the most remarkable women of her day; distinguished for the superiority of her character, her originality of mind, and the unaffected charm of her manners. We may easily form an opinion of this by the manner in which she is spoken of in the Memoirs of her contemporaries.

Madame de Créquy, having nearly attained the age of a hundred, died in Paris, where she had had the courage to brave the dangers of the Revolution, and to resist the solicitations of the emigrant party. She resided in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, in an Hotel, the life-rent of which she had purchased from the Marquis de Feuquières. It will be seen in the course of her Memoirs, that the Marchioness *enjoyed* a deplorable state of health, especially

for the last forty years of her life ; and on these grounds she often congratulated herself upon the good bargain that she had made ; for she had been seventy years in possession of it at the time of her death.

The celebrated Princess des Ursins wrote from Rome, in 1722, to her Niece, the Duchess de la Trémoille, saying, "The young Marchioness de Créquy appears to me to be the person most worthy of remark here, inasmuch as she bears all the semblance of high birth, is a woman of honourable feelings, thoroughly original in her ideas, and irreproachable in her conduct.

Jean Jacques Rousseau remarked that she was "*le catholicisme en cornette, et la haute noblesse en déshabillé.*"

Were we to quote from the authority of those who have lived nearer our own times we might mention the interest which the fame and name of Madame de Créquy excited in Napoleon, and the esteem with which he regarded her ; also the high opinion entertained for her by the Abbé Dëlille, as expressed in a letter addressed to the Vicomte de Vintimille, dated 1788.

"I am perfectly astounded at Madame de

“Créquy; I never met with, and never could
“have imagined a more gifted mind. Her
“judgment is sound and conscientious, and her
“powers of penetration must make her a for-
“midable person in the eyes of knaves and
“fools; I can now account for the reputation
“she has gained for sarcasm and severity. She
“possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, a talent
“which appears to have belonged to past ages
“and to be now extinct—that of conversing
“without being either tedious or precipitate.”

These Memoirs were intended by the Au-
thoress for the instruction of her grandson,
the young Tancrède-Adrian-Raoul de Créquy,
who died, however, long before his grand-
mother, but to whom she addresses herself in
the early part of the work.



RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of the Authoress--A Convenient Register--
Her Father's Family--The Convent--Interview
with her Brother--A Benedictine Abbess--The
Baronne de Montmorency--The Refractory Nuns
Triumphant--Her Companions--Antiquarian Re-
searches--A Hint for Political Economists--Monu-
mental Records---A *Quasi* Felony.

WERE I not reluctant to preface the recollec-
tions of an eventful and not unimportant
life by a somewhat absurd declaration, I
should commence by telling you that I do
not know when I was born! and, improbable

as the assertion seems, it is nevertheless perfectly true.

My mother died in giving me birth, when my father was at the head of his regiment of Royal-Comtois on the frontiers of Germany: thus you may readily imagine that in the midst of the distress which ensued at the Château de Montflaux there were many other affairs to attend to besides that of entering my name on the books of the Parish vestry, where, forty years afterwards, as it happened, there existed no longer a register of any kind!—The reason was this, the vicar had been in the habit of writing the names of those he baptised on a loose sheet and when any one applied to him for the record of a birth, he sometimes gave the original for the sake of saving trouble and stamped paper.

I conclude that my mother's chaplain had had the precaution to baptise me, but as he died the following year, no one knew anything about it; consequently when I was sent at the age of seven or eight to my aunt the

coadjutrice of the Convent of Cordylon, she took care that the ceremony should be regularly performed according to my station. It had been considered proper that our cousin the Princesse des Ursins should be my God-mother, and that is the extent of my knowledge on the subject

I must not however omit to tell you that the old Steward of our estates in Maine, died of a stroke of paralysis a few days before my birth ;—also that my father, having been detained prisoner during seventeen months without receiving any tidings of his family, friends, or men of business, only heard of the death of my poor mother on his landing at the Château de Versailles, where his uncle, Marshal de Tessé, met him and quietly advised him to put himself into mourning !

It was afterwards calculated, as nearly as possible that I must have been born either towards the latter part of the year 1699, or in the course of the following year, or else, early in 1701 ; at all events it was a matter of small importance in the eyes of

my father, because, as he said to me, the *Notoriété publique* and the *possession d'état* were quite sufficient ; for, after all, I was but a daughter !

Of my early childhood, all that I remember is, that I inhabited a tower in the Château de Montflaux where I was exceedingly cold in winter and exceedingly hot in summer. I had two female servants and a one-eyed *laquais* to take charge of, and attend on me, and such was my terror of that man that he was forbidden to enter my apartments. My father's Steward proposed substituting a mulatto in his place, and I really believe he must have wished to throw me into convulsions and kill me for the benefit of my brother ! Instead of that however, (to show you that "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*") I became myself in after times his heiress.

At this period, my family consisted of my father's only sister (the Nun of Cordylon) and her four brothers. These were, the Bishop of Mans, a worthy and pious prelate,

who had refused to forsake the see of Mans to become Archbishop and *Archicomte* of Lyons, with an income of more than a hundred thousand crowns a year.

Next, the Commandeur*, who afterwards became *bailli* de Froulay, a brave and distinguished naval officer. It was said that he could never return to Malta under penalty of being decapitated for having insulted the Grand Master, Don Raymond de Pêrellos, by snatching from him the keys of St. Sépulcre which this high and mighty personage wore suspended from his official girdle according to custom. The successor of Don Raymond, Don Manuel de Vilhèna, also a Castilian, followed up the insult with unappeased vengeance, even to the Court of France—but H. M. Christian Majesty left the Knights of Malta to fight it out amongst themselves, and would never proceed against the Commandeur de Froulay, who, in spite of his offence, was afterwards presented to one of the best

* Commandery of the Knights of Malta.

livings of his order, and one of the wealthiest attainable by those of his nation.

Then came the Abbé-Commendataire of Notre Dame de Vallemonts, who was Almoner to the King and nothing else.

Next to him, another Abbé de Froulay Count de Lyons who died young, of whom I know little, beyond that he could not endure the fish called burt. He said one day to my Grandmother in a tone of the utmost disgust and aversion,

“I can only assure you that if there were no living creatures in existence save myself and a burt, the world would very soon come to an end!”

My aunt the Coadjutrice was the youngest of the family, and besides being the most amiable and gifted of her sex, she was a strict and pious Nun of the order of St. Benoît. To continue, there was my father, who thought of no one but my brother, the Marquis de Montflaux, and lastly we had the happiness of possessing the Dowager Marchioness de Froulay, my grandfather's

second wife, of whom I shall often have occasion to speak. She lived in Paris and I only became acquainted with her at the time of my marriage.

I need not here mention the elder branch of our house, because M. le Maréchal and Mme. la Maréchale de Tessé rarely quitted Versailles, unless for the purpose of presenting themselves at the Court of Fontainebleau.

Without reckoning two Demoiselles de Froulay, our Cousins *à la mode de Bretagne*, who married (I never could tell why) two Messieurs de Breteuil, and of whom I shall take some future notice, we had also two great-grand-uncles, high dignitaries of the Church of Malta, who never left their lordly livings. One of them though, grand-prior of the order, died in Paris, at the age of 103; I am not sure that it was not 104, for he also had no baptismal register! It was not even known whether he was born at Marseilles or at Montgeron, near Paris; it was one or the other, but which, he neither knew nor cared!

My ancestors used to exclaim—

“ The idea of the *Notorietè publique* and the *Possession d'état* !—what have we to do with baptismal records ?—do they take us for peasants ?”

Between the age of seven and nine years I was conveyed in a litter to the Abbey to which my aunt now belonged, where at first I felt rather out of my element, on account of being unable to speak or understand any language but the dialect of the province of Maine.

I had then never seen my father, and the first time my brother and I met he must have been at least eighteen. To this day I can neither imagine who had brought him up, nor where he had lived during all those years.

My father used to laugh and tell me, in answer to my questioning, that I was very inquisitive, and that it concerned no one but the Bishop of Mans, under whose superintendence the education of the young nobleman had been perfected.

At last, my brother visited the Abbey of Montivilliers, where I saw him arrive in great state, with a numerous retinue and superbly dressed.

He was a fine looking young man, with much confidence of manner, and in feature the very image of that handsome statue of the Pastor de Couston on the Terrace de la Seine near the entrance of the Tuileries. One would have declared that the sculptor had had the gift of foresight and really intended it for him !

And so I had actually a brother ! a handsome delightful brother ! oh ! the rapture of seeing him ! I gazed upon him with my eyes full of tears, and when he embraced me I was indeed happy !

I remember he asked me how old I was and upon my answering, innocently, that I did not know, he gravely told me that it was wrong to laugh at an elder brother !

The Marquis remained a week at the Abbey to assist at the solemn installation of my aunt, who had quitted her Convent at

Cordylon, in the diocese of Bayeux, to succeed the Princess Maria de Gonzague as head of the high and influential Church of Montivilliers, which reckons no less than one hundred and twenty eight seignorial steeples subject to her jurisdiction, and over which she exercises her feudal power.

Next to the Princesse de Guémenée and the Abbess of Frontevrauld, the Abbess of Montivilliers is undoubtedly the greatest lady in France.

Our uncle, the Bishop of Mans, came to consecrate his sister, and I also performed a part at the holy ceremony by carrying, on a violet satin cushion, the missal of Madame.

Before we parted, my brother gave me a proof his kind-heartedness, by assuring me, with an air of mingled good-nature and decision, that if I did not wish to become a Benedictine, he would allow no one to compel me.

“Alas!” was my answer; “am I then required to be a Bernardine? I should die of grief! There is no Order equal to St.

Benoît ; and I never wish to join any society but that of Cîteaux."

" But that is not the point in question," he replied. " I thought perhaps you might like just as well to be married."

This supposition on his part appeared to me rather irrational, yet it was constantly recurring to my mind—perhaps for that very reason.

I believe that some of my family, in the life-time of my brother, desired nothing better than that I should take the veil, but my aunt the Abbess, and my uncle the Bishop, were not people to sanction or countenance any sort of compulsion in a matter of conscience, particularly on that subject. Monsieur du Mans always investigated the motives of every novice about to take the veil in the Convents within his diocese, in order to prevent the admission of poor young girls who might have been intimidated by their families, or otherwise improperly induced ; on one occasion in particular, my aunt was instrumental in pre-

vailing on a very pretty novice to quit the cloister, and gave her, moreover, a portion enabling her to marry a *Cheveau-léger*, because she knew they were devotedly attached to each other.

She was one of our relations, Mademoiselle de Charette. The young officer and his novice were a nephew and niece of the Baronne de Montmorency, who had insisted on condemning the poor girl to a cloister, and who finally disinherited her for marrying her cousin, because he was only a younger son of the De Clisson family.

This just and charitable Baroness was a Jansenist,* an agitator, and an intimate friend of the famous Deacon Pâris, whom she assisted in all his pious undertakings, and with whom she was constantly employed in weaving coarse cloth and trimming

* A sect of the Roman Catholics in France who followed the opinion of Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres in 1635, in relation to grace and predestination.

(Note of Translator)

wooden shoes with sheep's skin until her hands were as rough, red, and horny, as those of a mechanic.

Madame de Montivilliers had to examine into the ecclesiastical department, as well as to arrange the temporal affairs of this Convent ; for it had been without an Abbess for many years, owing to the refusal of the Nuns to receive a certain Lady Hornet de Boisville in that capacity.

There were several reasons for this ; the principal one of which was, that the family of this Hornet de Boisville had been too recently ennobled. The Court was not inclined to exert its power against resistance in a case of Conventual discipline, particularly in opposition to the high-born Nuns, whose privileges had been thus assailed ; therefore they had recourse to the law. The case was accordingly tried before the Parliament of Rouen ; and there the Crown lost its suit against the Benedictines.

My aunt had also to repress several abuses that had crept into the interior of the Con-

vent, besides being obliged to maintain the independence of her Monastic authority, and the feudal rights of her jurisdiction ; of which duties she acquitted herself both diligently and conscientiously.

As Madame de Montivilliers would not undertake the fatigue and responsibility of "*pensionnaires*" she admitted none but her relations into the Abbey ; thus, my only companions were the two sisters of the Duc d'Harcourt, one of whom married Comte Cléry-Créquy, and the other became Visitandine, at Caen.

The eldest, Mademoiselle de Beuvron, was amiable and pretty ; and I only hope her husband was not treating her as she deserved when he caused her to be imprisoned by a *lettre de cachet*.

The youngest, Mademoiselle de Châtellerault, was not nearly so excellent, nor so agreeable as her sister. When I heard, some time afterwards, that she had died in the odour of sanctity, I was surprised ; and I had no inclination to ask for any relic of *her*!

Besides these young ladies, there was a brood of demoiselles d'Houdetot at the Abbey, who were always dressed in serge of the same kind and colour, and walked in a row, according to their height and age, like the pipes of an organ ; but as they were proud creatures, although educated there on charity, and above all as they were stupid to a degree, they were rarely admitted into the little court of Madame, consequently I knew little of them.

Mademoiselle de Chatellerault used to call them " the works of La Mère Gigogne, in seven Volumes !" and the Abbess heard that they regularly spent three hours every day in counting each other's freckles !

My aunt was anxious that I should be well instructed in religion, and she made me study sacred and profane history with great care, and common theology also, thinking it might be useful at that time in guarding me against the new errors of Jansenism. Geography I learnt of course, and mythology, as well as French and foreign

genealogies, heraldry, Italian, and the best literature of the day. I wished to acquire Latin, as my aunt and all the dignitaries of her society understood it well, but notwithstanding my reputation of being clever, I must own I never got beyond a third-class scholar.

My great ambition was to know how to read old manuscripts ; I was in the habit of spending two or three hours every day in a large room in the Abbey where ancient deeds were kept, and there I once decyphered two old Charters, by which means a law-suit was gained by Mesdames de Montivilliers which had been pending between them and the Bishop of Coutances for upwards of 130 years. In short, I was always poring over huge old books, and when I could obtain nothing better, I read dictionaries and Church Anthems.

I remember, in the Chapel where the Abbesses were interred, there were two magnificent lamps, one of which was of the most beautiful gold workmanship in the

gothic style, enriched with precious stones set in gold also. This was kept constantly burning, whilst the other, in chased silver, was rarely lighted.

As I never could rest without knowing, or enquiring into the reason of everything, I discovered that the gothic lamp was established about the year 1200, and that having been *dotée* (or endowed) in corn, the expence of keeping it burning all the year round was thus defrayed; whilst the other, which had not been established until 1550, could only be lighted during four months out of the twelve on account of its having been *dotée en numeraire*, or by a payment of money.

Surely this fact might furnish material for an excellent chapter on political economy! I always forgot to speak to M. Turgot about it.

I was in the habit of frequently visiting this sepulchral Chapel to pray and muse amongst the tombs, monuments, and epitaphs of the pious, and noble predecessors of my aunt.

I often spent whole hours there, towards the close of the day, without feeling either afraid or uncomfortable, for it seemed to me whilst I stood amongst those silent Abbesses of Montivilliers, as though I were surrounded by a family circle ; and here let me remark that I had never any fear of the dead, provided they were only women, and provided also, I had no cause to suspect them of any want of piety during their lives.

That Catholics should put faith in the visible apparition, or auricular communication of the dead, to whom God has given permission to make themselves manifest in order to obtain our prayers, is perfectly reasonable, inasmuch as we believe in purgatory, as also in the efficacy of indulgences springing from the supererogatory merits of saints, and the suffrages of the Universal Church ; but for Protestants—who believe in predestination either to salvation, or to the pains of Hell, irrespectively of prayers and good works—for *them* to have belief in ghosts, would appear a delusion, an absurdity ! not-

withstanding which, I have remarked, that they are much more possessed with ideas of visions, revelations, ghosts and apparitions, than we are. Since the prayers of their co-religionists are of no avail to the dead Protestants, why should living Protestants suppose that God would allow *their* dead to appear to those who never pray for them? God would not suspend the order of things which he himself has established, except in some particular instance of mercy for his elect, therefore the Huguenots who think they see visions, are more to blame than some Catholics who are over-credulous, that is to say, that they have dared to attribute to God acts of puerility, and unreasonableness of the most eccentric kind. God has created us in his own image. Verily we do the like by him in our hearts.

“You are a strange girl,” said the Abbess to me one day, “how can you remain so late in our vaults without fear?”

“But, aunt, why should I be afraid of sainted spirits? What could the Abbesses

do to me unless indeed they gave me their blessing ? If there were Knights, or Esquires, or Monks there, whom I had never seen or known, then I should really be dreadfully frightened ; but I never believed the story the tall d'Houdetôt told me, of having received a violent blow from the crosier of.....”

“ Of whom pray ? ”

“ Why.....of Madame de Gonzague..... one day on approaching her Monument.....”

“ That is another of Mademoiselle d'Houdetôt's absurdities ! ” exclaimed my aunt, “ as it happens, that statue has no crosier in its hand ! Possibly it was a breviary instead, which it would have served Mlle. d'Houdetôt perfectly right to have had thrown at her head ! but observe I beg, the irreverence and want of skill exhibited in her invention ! observe also the utter falsehood !.....in future remember I forbid you to listen to her stories or to hold any conversation with her ! ”

In an isolated spot in the Chapel there was a tomb of black marble, raised by three steps, on which was a beautiful recumbent

figure (attributed in the obituary of the convent to the famous sculptor Jean Gougeon) representing a young Abbess of Montivilliers, of the family of Montgomery. I saw by her epitaph that she had died at the age of nineteen—that she had been “*unhappy, and persecuted by those who knew the kindness of her heart, and whom she had overwhelmed with favours*;—PRAY FOR HER ENEMIES” was the petition expressed in the last line of the inscription.

Round the fourth finger of the right hand, which hung drooping over the edge of the monument, the sculptor had introduced, by means of an incision in the marble, the signet of an Abbess, which this young Nun had worn in her lifetime, and in which, according to the ritual, was set, a violet stone. Her pectoral cross was similarly ornamented and appeared as if falling from a violet ribbon, represented by an incrustation of thin plates of *feldspath*, exquisitely inlaid.

Her own golden crosier was held in the uplifted hands of a veiled figure, behind and above the head of the recumbent statue, over which all the winding acanthus leaves, carved roses, and gold settings, formed the most grand yet graceful kind of canopy imaginable.

The face, hands, arms, and the uncovered feet, were all of white marble, whilst the long veil, choir robes, and ample sleeves were in beautiful black marble ; I never saw draperies so broadly and yet so lightly executed.

I remember also that her head rested on a pillow of imperial (or violet coloured) porphyry, encircled by an ornamental binding, chased and gilt, to imitate an arabesque border, with gold tassels. Nothing, in fact, could be more perfect both in composition and execution than this beautiful monument of the time of the Valois.

For that statue, and the person whom it represented, I had a stronger predilection

than for any of her entombed sisters, and when there was no one to see me, I never left the chapel without kissing her hand.

With the performance of this act, however, I always mingled many scruples of conscience, for, when I did not consider myself in a "state of grace," (though at that period, Heaven be praised! my offences could have been but very venial faults!) I never ventured to press my lips on the beautiful marble hand, but confined myself to merely kissing the ring of Madame, as the lay-sisters and *clerics-minorés* would have done.

One evening, I fancied I felt it move beneath my lips—(the ring, not the hand thank goodness!) and thinking it was not sufficiently secure I took hold of it by the setting of the amethyst to satisfy myself.

In an instant the ring was off, and resting in my hand!

I imagine what my feelings were, when I then heard, on the same side of the chapel, the sound of approaching feet!

Fortunately it was only an old Nun who came slowly along to kneel and say a prayer at the tomb of another Abbess, Madame de Hautemer, (a high Norman family now extinct) who had died in the odour of sanctity; but to avoid an explanation which might have involved me in some trouble, I carried away the ring and have never restored it!

My aunt, to whom I confessed my sin and confided my reverence for the defunct, began by insisting on the restitution of the signet, telling me at the same time that it was a kind of theft, but I reasoned so well on the worship of relics—which, after all, are but fragments for distribution, bearing no more personal reference to saints in Paradise than any other piece of stone or metal—in short my logic was so convincing and so affecting, that Madame de Froulay ended by allowing me to keep the ring of Madame de Montgomery, on condition that it was replaced by one exactly similar, the expence of which (in order to act as uprightly as possible) was

to be defrayed from my own pocket money. Notwithstanding, this indulgent and excellent aunt had the kindness so to increase my little allowance that I neither felt the loss myself, nor did my poor people suffer by it.

When the new ring arrived from Rouen, where it had been blessed by the Archbishop at the request of Madame de Montivilliers (in order that it might be the medium of those indulgences in which the Church of Rome believes,) she took care that it should be affixed to the marble finger in her own presence, and *for ever*, as she believed, and we also.

The entrance grating of the chapel was then closed and without any unnecessary or imprudent explanation, my aunt desired me to go there no more, *for fear I should take cold!*

CHAPTER II.

The Dispersion of the Holy Vessels—The Authoress's Pious Horror of Commerce—The Norman Peasantry—Sorcery and Suicide—The Beggar—Mde. d'Houdetôt—A Discovery—Nocturnal Procession—Curiosity Punished—The Trial—An Unbroken Spirit—Mlle. des Houlières—Mme. de Montespan—An Eccentric Character—His objections to Ladies' Maids—The Wild Beast of Gévaudan—A Tenth Muse.

IN the treasury and sacristy of the Abbey there were numbers of holy vases, reliquaries *dyptiques* * and manuscripts of the middle ages—also a collection of wonderfully curious and valuable altar decorations.

On learning, with grief, that all these had been annihilated in the time of the Revolution, I was surprised to find that the country

* A Church Register.

people had taken the greatest care not to injure or destroy the least thing ; after having secured them from the revolutionary authorities they had divided the treasures amongst themselves ; they then made them up in packages and sent them to the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies, where the whole cargo sold remarkably well.

In no other province of France was such an arrangement ever thought of, and almost every where else they destroyed all they could find, so that neither proprietor nor plunderer reaped any profit.

The English did precisely the same at the period of their attempted religious reformation. With regard to images and different objects of our worship, they only destroyed those which they could not remove ; the rest were conveyed to France, Spain, Italy, and other Catholic countries, where they opened Bazaars for the sale of Crucifixes and all sorts of Church ornaments ! They had even the prudence to preserve and bring us

all the "*Dateries-bullaires*," and "*Authentiques*" of Rome relating to relics, and sold them to us in the diocese of Mans! (Chalices and monstrances * they were not allowed to expose for sale—nor the patena, and holy pyxes—so says my old Corroset.)

I never could endure in the Normans that spirit of calculation and love of gain which appears to influence their every action! The Normans, to the rest of the French, are exactly what the English are to the rest of Europe. They may say what they please of the advantages of traffic and the benefit of commerce, but in my opinion it comprises all that is most sordid and despicable.

Pillage and destruction from violence and blind ignorance I should prefer a hundred times over, to sacrilege and preservation from motives of trade and mercantile profit.

* *Monstrance* (Ostensor) the vessel in which the Consecrated Wafer, or Host, is placed, while the congregation is blessed with it. *Pyx* (Ciboire) is the vessel in which the Wafer is kept before Consecration.—(*Translator's Note.*)

I always told that good M. Turgot that *Joseph sold by his Brethren* was the first instance of a commercial transaction, and a pattern for every one that succeeded it !

I have never yet forgotten the cunning, obstinate and subtle character of the peasants of Normandy ; their very accent, so drawling and so sly, seems to tell of their quarrelsome, deceitful disposition.

They are governed by the strangest laws ! If, for example, a peasant in the neighbourhood wishes to cheat you out of a hedge, he will come in the night with two witnesses (which are easily obtained in Normandy) and cut a tree from it on your side of the boundary. He will bury or carry it away, or by some means, conceal it, and then go to law with you, declaring, that the hedge is not yours but his ! His witnesses will be ready to swear that he cut, or caused to be cut, wood from that hedge, at such and such a time ; and if, either from negligence, or ignorance of the act, you have not taken him up for

theft before the expiration of a year, you may rest assured you will lose your cause, and the hedge will be proved his property !

With such laws, and in a rich and fertile country, how can it be expected that the peasants will become otherwise than thieves, or at all events cheats ?

I remember, in one of my country walks with Mesdemoiselles d'Harcourt telling a little Norman girl, about six or seven years of age, to go and look for a handkerchief that I had forgotten, and left in her father's cottage. He was a cattle-feeder, and we had been there to drink milk.

"Mam'zelle," was the child's answer, "you will find it difficult to *prove* you left it there perhaps ?"

"I have witnesses !" I exclaimed, triumphantly ; but the little wretch was clever enough to insinuate that possibly the testimony of Mesdemoiselles d'Harcourt might not hold good in law, because they did not appear to be *filles majeures*, or of age !

Another time my aunt summoned before her an old shepherd whom every one accused of witchcraft, and in the present case, of having bewitched all the sheep belonging to a vassal of the Abbey.

“Unfortunate man,” said my aunt, “is it possible that you can have so far forsaken God, the angels, and the saints, as to commit sorcery?”

“*Ma fine* Madame!” he replied, “I help myself on by it whenever I can!”

“Then,” returned the Abbess, “I see that if you are not in reality a sorcerer, it is not for want of the will! I shall therefore condemn you, by virtue of my legal jurisdiction, to eight days imprisonment; if, after that, you continue in your wickedness I shall send you before the Parliament of Rouen, where they sentence all who are guilty of such mal-practices to be burnt—moreover, to be burnt alive—mark my words!”

“You shall not have the trouble,” was

his answer, "I have lived my time," and the next morning we heard that he had strangled himself in his cell.

We were in consequence obliged to draw up a deposition, and for five days and nights did that dreadful corpse remain in the prison of the Abbey, to our infinite horror.

The case was not removed to the tribunal of Rouen, of course, but according to the sentence pronounced in the Abbatial Court, the body was placed on a sort of hurdle composed of leafless branches, side by side with that of a dead dog. It was then dragged by an ass, (the feet of the man being tied to the tail of the animal) to the gibbet belonging to the Abbey, under which, the executioners' people buried it with that of the dog.

Thus were suicides dealt with under the jurisdiction of Montivilliers, but as there existed about that time some slight feeling of hostility against the exercise of ecclesiastical authority, the cavillers and sceptics of

Cotentin, insisted that the witch of Montivilliers, ought not to have been dragged on a hurdle as a suicide—it was doing him an injury, and an injustice they said, for undoubtedly it was the Devil who had wrung his neck.

The vergers and porters, who lived outside the Convent walls, had given a poor beggar permission to sleep every night under an arch in the large high vault which led into the first court of the Abbey.

This miserable man had neither arms nor legs ; a poor unknown woman, young, and almost pretty, came every morning, they said, with a kind of wheel-barrow to fetch him, and place him at the side of the high road where he begged of the passers-by. Bread, soup and cider, were given to him from the Abbey, but he rarely consumed them.

It happened that two murders had been committed on that very high road ; the Ab-

bess's Court had used every exertion to discover the perpetrator but in vain—no trace could be found, and consternation spread far and wide ; monitory letters were issued, processions took place, and public prayers were demanded at the Abbey.

There are no cowards equal to the Norman peasants when robbers are in question—nothing will ever induce them to expose themselves in the pursuit of them, or to incur their resentment.

“ ‘They are like a legion of devils! we dare not irritate them ; our orchards are in the open air, and our families sleep out of doors ;’ ” was the burden of the peasant's song, in answer to every summons from the Seneschal of Montivilliers, and not one could be prevailed on to keep watch or to act as patrol during the night.

In the mean time my aunt received a letter from the *Procureur-général* of Normandy, warning her to be on her guard,

and telling her of the discovery of a plot directed against the treasure-chest in the sacristy of the Convent.

L'intendant of Rouen sent a brigade of mounted patrol for our protection, which proved very unfortunate for Mademoiselle d'Houdetôt, for she fell desperately in love with the brigadier, and was in consequence sent home to her relations, where she received, as we were afterwards told, some "*coups de crosse*" in reality.

One autumn evening, after ten o'clock had struck, this beggar without arms or legs, whom I have mentioned to you, was still absent from his archway, and it was conjectured that the woman who took charge of him had neglected to bring him back to his accustomed place.

The gate-keepers were good-natured enough to wait for him until half-past ten, upon which the *sœur-cellérière* sent for the keys in order to carry them as usual to the

Prioress, who always slept with them under her pillow,

Instead, however, of the keys of the Abbey which she expected, they brought her a piece of startling intelligence. A rich and able-bodied farmer had just been attacked on the high road ; with his cudgel he had felled one of the assassins, whom the mounted patrol had now brought, with his accomplice, to the gates of the court.

They demanded that the cells of the prison should be opened for the admittance of the two culprits, and they also asked permission for the farmer to pass the remainder of the night in the interior of the first court, lest he should again fall into the hands of the robbers.

The Prioress declared that it was too late, so they then awoke the Abbess, who immediately ordered all the gates specified by the Brigadier, beyond the claustral limits, to be opened, but the old Benedictine argued

so obstinately upon the "*rules*" and "*statutes*" that my aunt was obliged to go and take possession of the keys herself, since the old lady was determined not to give them up.

As an Abbess of Montivilliers is not strictly confined to the precincts of the Nunnery, my aunt, who was the most perfectly charitable and courageous woman in the world, considered it her duty to proceed even as far as the first court, attended however by a suitable retinue.

She was preceded by a cross-bearer between two acolytes, each carrying a wax taper ; twelve *assistantes* followed her with lowered veils and hands crossed upon their breasts ; and all the lay-sisters of the convent in their large grey hoods were grouped around their respective superiors, bearing long, lighted torches in those beautiful gothic lanterns of painted glass which are used in night-processions round the cloisters,

and on which are stained the Arms of the Royal Abbeyes.

In the first place Madame de Montivilliers caused the prison gates to be opened, which no one but herself would have dared to have done in defiance of the Prioress. She then admitted the farmer into the court and had cordials administered to him ; the surgeon next examined the person who had been wounded, and discovered him to be a man in woman's clothes ; after which we were told by the farmer that the other criminal was no less than the wretched beggar who had been nightly sheltered under the porch of the Abbey, and who was then before our eyes on a hand-barrow, waiting the time when he should be thrown into the dungeon he so well deserved.

His trunk was that of a giant deprived of all limbs except a stump, the remains of an arm ; and his head seemed to me enormous. He was covered with wounds and cakes of

mud, with which his ragged hair and beard were also matted. The tatters that were on him were soaked in the same ; and there, in the midst of Nuns, and holy torches gleaming through their ancient painted lanterns, glared the eyes of this murderer !—eyes of a greenish hue—more sinister, more villanous than could be imagined even in the most frightful nightmare.

When all the arrangements for general safety were completed with judgment, method, prudence, and presence of mind, Madame de Montivilliers raised her veil, and the whole assembly fell on their knees to receive her blessing.

As I had introduced myself by stealth that night amongst the Nuns in attendance on Madame, I was made to do penance for three days, that is I was banished from the *Abbatial* to a distant cell, where my only companion was a *sœur économe*, as deaf as a post, whose whole and continual conversation, was upon the different modes of pre-

serving eggs, and drying french-beans. Three times four-and-twenty hours did I remain without hearing any news of our robbers! and never was there a more ingenious penance devised for an impatient and inquisitive little girl than this! My aunt was exceedingly diverted at having invented it.

In the recess where the cripple was in the habit of sleeping, they discovered several blades of knives and daggers, as well as a rouleau of sixty *louis d'or* which he had hidden beneath bundles of sticks. Amongst his rags, a fillagree reliquary was found, belonging to Mademoiselle de Beuvron; an *Agnus-Dei*; two wafers, and a pair of gold scissars, with a great quantity of hair of every possible shade and colour, which gave rise to a suspicion that some person in the interior of the Convent must have been in league with him, for, since the arrival of my aunt, all the Nuns, Novices, and *pensionnaires* had had their hair cut according to certain regulations; this was afterwards sold

by the lay-sisters at the fair at Guibray for the benefit of the Brotherhood of St. Rosaire : at all events we unanimously agreed that he had procured it in order, by some means or other, to bewitch us !

The two wafers were immediately burnt for fear they should have been consecrated, thus securing them from all risk of profanation.

The facts elicited by the trial were these ; that at ten o'clock on the evening of the fourth of November 1712, this beggar placed under a tree by the side of the high road, had, in piteous and imploring accents, begged of the farmer who was returning from the Fair at Caen ; that the cripple had moreover particularly requested the farmer to come close to him in order that the piece or pieces of money which he might bestow should fall into the hat at his feet. It was discovered afterwards, (for it was scarcely visible), that this beggar handled a long pole, by means of what remained of his arm,

and held it close to his body. At the top of the pole was a heavy weight composed of planks of wood, hidden in the branches of the tree, and this he had brought down with great violence on the head of the farmer. At that moment the young man in woman's clothes appeared, and began by stabbing the farmer's horse in two places; these blows however were so well returned that the man died before they reached the Abbey; the farmer then galloped on to Montivilliers to summon the patrol, who placed the two assassins on the same truck, and brought us their precious prize in the middle of the night! as the Church published monitory letters, the peasants deposed that they had known of several horrible acts committed by those two wretches, one of whom, it appeared, was father to him who was disguised as a woman.

The trial was removed to a higher court, by which many cases of theft and murder were discovered, and it ended by the cul-

prit being condemned to be broken on the wheel!

It was observed that this man had the accent and expressions peculiar to Lorraine, but as they could neither ascertain his name nor his birthplace, he was executed on the scene of his last crime.

Whilst undergoing his sentence at Montivilliers, he bit off the two first joints of the executioner's finger, grinding them between his teeth like a wild beast, and then swallowing them.

We were told that he was so powerfully made that the executioner had the greatest difficulty in breaking his breast-bone, and that to the last moment of his life, the miserable sufferer abused the man whom he had bitten, reproaching him at the same time for his inexperience and want of skill, declaring *that it was not the first time he had been broken alive on the wheel!*

All this time every inmate of the Abbey was at prayers, imploring God's mercy on

his soul ; and this was the last we heard on the subject of the two criminals.

From these sad scenes of crime and punishment, our minds were agreeably diverted by the arrival of Mademoiselle des Houlières, my aunt having offered her a home in the Abbey, and prepared a commodious apartment for her there.

She came to us, I remember, at a moment when she was full of boundless admiration and tenderness for Madame de Montespan, having seen her expire a short time previously in a state of the most edifying repentance and devotion.

I was utterly unconscious for my part, that Mme. de Montespan, our relative, had any particular sin to repent of ; and when it appeared from the conversations of Mlle. Houlières with my aunt, that our cousin was mother to one of the King's sons, M. le Duc de Maine, it was beyond my comprehension ; I saw clearly that I was to ask no questions, for they touched on the subject as though

they were treading on hot coals—thus, my vexation at being unable to solve the mystery, was very great.

Mlle. des Houlières arrived, at Montivilliers, from your province, where she had been spending some time with the unhappy Châtelaine de Canaples (wife of Adrian Hugues de Créquy, Sire de Canaples, &c.), and as she had witnessed all the eccentricities of your poor uncle, she could hardly refrain from talking of them before us. (How little we then thought that I should marry a De Créquy!)

Only imagine ; at the Chateau de Canaples, regular hours for meals were prohibited ; you might take breakfast, luncheon or refreshment whenever you pleased, (provided you did not call it dinner or supper,) in a sort of refectory where the side-board was laid out, sometimes well, sometimes ill, with otter pasties made at Wrolland, and Bear hams from the possessions of M. de Canaples in Canada.

He could not endure *jack-spits*—he called

them the invention of tradesmen and financiers, therefore all the meat in his house was roasted after the fashion of the thirteenth Century, *i.e.* by means of a revolving wheel with open spokes, in which was imprisoned a large dog, who struggled in it like a fury, and always ended by going mad.

You have no idea of the consumption of dogs that took place in that kitchen.

The poor Countess had no one to wait on her but laquais or *heiduques*, (Hungarian foot soldiers), consequently she was obliged to dress and undress herself.

Her husband had dismissed all the women servants, because he declared that it was ladies' maids who gave the dogs fleas! In short there was no end to the account Mlle. des Houlières gave of the whims of this man.

It was during her stay at Canaples, that the wild beast of Gévaudan, which had been tracked in blood on its road to Marvejols, and vainly pursued for four months, took up its quarters in the old Cemetery of Freschin,

where it made the most disgusting havoc. M. de Buffon, some time afterwards, came to the conclusion that it was an African Hyæna, escaped from a travelling menagerie, which was at Montpellier about that period, but from the description of Mlle. des Houlières, who had seen it, I am convinced it must have been a lynx.

This horrible animal at last devoured the two children of your uncle's huntsman, upon which, the former determined to watch for it in the Cemetery of Freschin, where the creature took refuge every night, gaining entrance by springing over the walls.

It is well known that it was this very Count de Canaples, who killed it with a *spit*!

He was anxious that Mlle. des Houlières, who was the tenth Muse of her day, should compose him a pastorale on the subject,—"and I also wish," said he "that it should be to the air of

" Mon aimable boscagère
Que fais-tu dans ces vallons ?"

Whereupon Mlle. des Houlières set herself to write the following famous song, consisting of two verses of eight syllables ! “ When you have repeated them over, and over again to the end of each stanza,” said she merrily, “ you will be just as well pleased, and just as far advanced as though the lines were properly finished—now listen, *mes révérendes mères !*”

“ Elle a tant mangé de monde

“ La bête du Gévaudan !

“ Elle a tant mangé de monde

“ La bête du Gévaudan !

“ Elle a tant mangé de monde !.....”

And then she recommenced, I know not how many times, always to the same air of *l'aimable boscaillère*, and until she chose to end the song. (You will perhaps remember in reading this, that Mlle. Dupont your nurse always sang this lament to you as a lullaby, and sang it also in exactly the same manner.)

Know then, my child, that this popular song was sister to the *Nymphs of Thrace*,

and the composition of a Daughter of Memory!

Mlle. des Houlières was good-humoured, and candid enough to declare that these two absurd lines had gained more public approbation and success, than any of her most witty, clever, or elaborate poetry.

CHAPTER III.

Practical jokes---Fatal results---Princesse de Conty---
Affectionate Greeting---A Scene---Royal Privi-
leges---Pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount---Dis-
graceful Cowardice of the English---State Prison---
The English no Claims to Norman Names---In-
famous Conduct of a Duke of Somerset.

AN event took place about this period, not far from Montivilliers, the recital of which may perhaps be of service to you, if only to warn you against certain amusements sometimes practised in the country amongst people of bad taste—I mean those kind of pastimes which consist in playing tricks and indulging in practical jokes.

Monsieur Martainville, a young lawyer of

the Judicial Court of Normandy, (newly married) had assembled a party of about twenty people to spend the vacation at his chateau, and amongst the number were several officers from the neighbouring garrison.

They bored holes in the walls and ceilings, through which they passed packthread, and fastened it to the curtains and counterpanes ; they dug holes in the ground beneath the grass, in order that the cavaliers, and their steeds should fall in headlong—(which must have been a very pleasant joke for the cavaliers themselves !) They put salt in your coffee, spice in your snuff, coliquintida juice on the edge of the drinking cups, Burgundy pitch in your shirts, and chopped horse-hair in your sheets ;—I leave you to guess if there were not frogs and crawfish in every bed in the castle !

These jokes are essentially provincial, and I am told they are the first ideas that enter the heads of country wits ! It is impossible to visit newly married people, without finding oneself welcomed and assailed by all

sorts of rude tricks and impertinent vulgarities.

Le Martainville, and his bride were expecting at this time, a visit from the widow of *l'intendant* of Alençon, Mme. Herault de Séchelles, who was travelling by easy stages to Barèges for the benefit of the waters, and whom they had invited to rest a few days at Martainville.

You must know that she was just recovering from an inflammation on the chest : that she had an income of sixty thousand *livres*, and that the Martainvilles were her principal heirs. She was also a very particular old lady, sensitive and nervous to a degree ; one of those genuine *Intendantes*, in fact, who are worshipped by the society of a small town, and who never take the trouble even to pick up their cards at *réversis* ; whence it was, that the Cardinal de Fleury used always to say to the young King, when he played, and made the same omission from thoughtlessness ; “ *Madame l'intendante*, it is your turn to take up the cards.”

“Let us beg of you” exclaimed the Martainvilles to all their flight of wild birds, “to play no practical jokes during the stay of our Aunt De Sèchelles! pray be very grave and quiet, Messieurs, Mesdames, and do not forget that we are her next heirs.”

They had turned out, I know not what *présidente*, to prepare the best room in the house for the illustrious invalid.

In the apartment intended for her use they placed all their most luxurious furniture, all their choicest ornaments, and the most beautiful Dresden china that they possessed.

They also took care to have a fine pullet, *au gros sel*, stewed pigeons, *à l’orge mondé*, and quails, *aux laitues*, kept constantly hot and ready-dressed, in a *bain-marie*;—besides fresh eggs in cold water, and Alicant wine in hot water—in short, for upwards of a week the kitchen and whole establishment of the Martainvilles were under arms: and still *Madame l’intendante* did not arrive.

The family began to grow uneasy, and the guests impatient.

I must tell you, that the master of the château had never seen this aunt of his wife ; and that since the age of five or six, the latter had never seen her old relative, and this fact appeared to them a capital opportunity for playing off a hoax.

Amongst the facetious circle, was a little M. de Clermont d'Amboise (who, by the way, would have been very happy, in after times to have married me) but the gratitude I owe him must not prevent my remarking to you, that he was an odious little, yellow, mean-looking man.

It was arranged that he should be disguised as an old lady ; another officer was to be dressed as a lady's maid, and every precaution was taken to conceal their preparations.

The scheme, however, which ought only to have been known to two or three people, was betrayed by a lady's maid to a young

puppy of the party ; the consequence was, *ruse* against *ruse* was devised, and it was determined that the impostors should be themselves imposed upon ; in the mean time, whilst the second party were lying in wait to receive and torment the first after the most approved fashion, the real intendante arrived ! whereupon, they rushed down upon her like an avalanche, tore off her flounced dress, her high collar, her cap, her wig, and in short, illtreated her so cruelly that it is shocking to think of !

The unfortunate creature was so terrified that she could neither scream nor utter a syllable, but the few words she heard revealed treachery without end !

“ *Vilaine autruche ! ennuyeuse intendante ! vielle tante à succession !* are you going to drink the waters to keep your heirs longer in suspense ? you shall have mineral waters here ! and shower-baths into the bargain ! ”

And forthwith pails of water were thrown over her in the midst of the most fearful tumult : after about a quarter of an hour of

similar ill-usage (she, having fallen under the attack, lay extended on the floor of the hall) they observed that she gave no signs of life—lights were then brought, and instead of recognising little De Clermont, they discovered that the poor woman was nearly dead !.....

Every one now fled from the château except her relations, who were in the greatest despair, for she could not look on them without exhibiting signs of the utmost terror and dislike.

She died the third day, and as she had made no will, her fortune of course descended to the Martainvilles—this compromised them in the eyes of the public and their fellow-lawyers to such a degree, that a legal inquiry into the shameful joke took place, and M. de Martainville found himself obliged in the end, to retire from his profession.

As he was a man of the highest honour, and his wife a model of delicacy and good feeling, they both positively refused to touch any of the property of Mme. de Sêchelles,

but left it to the disposal of the collateral branches of their family.

They sold, sometime afterwards, their beautiful manor of Martainville, and even changed their name, taking that of their barony, of De Francheville, which the family bear to this day.

Madame de Maintenon has said that *good taste* always means *good sense*, and that is the moral of my story.

About this period my aunt received a visit which, although it might be considered as an honour, was one with which she would willingly have dispensed, because of the irritable temper and habitual incivility of the Princess de Conty.

Her Serene Highness had been ordered sea baths, in consequence of having been bitten by one of her cats, which was suspected of hydrophobia.

On her return to Versailles, she came to spend the feast of Pentecost at Montivilliers ; and I remember when she kissed me on the forehead, that she said "*Bon jour cousine*"

with the same manner and tone of voice in which any one else would have exclaimed "The devil take you."

I recollect also the scene she made during high mass, when the officiating priest presented the chalice-cover for her to kiss—" *Allons donc !*" she cried, rudely pushing away the sacred cup which the priest held in his hand, "*allons donc ! comme vous ? comme vous ?*" she repeated sharply, at which words our poor chaplain stood perfectly aghast.

The Abbess, who was seated in great state in her stall, was also visibly distressed, and as the scene took place at the rails of the altar, which separated the chancel of the choir from the nuns, (by which means the princess was on our side of the grating, and the priest on the other) my aunt made me a sign to approach and kneel at her feet, and, after a hurried explanation, I was sent to tell the priest in Latin, through the grating, what my aunt had said to me, which was, that princes and princesses of the blood royal of St. Louis were privileged to kiss the

chalice-cover in the *inside*, like the priests, and not on the outside like the faithful in general.

Our poor almoner was so stupified by this extraordinary interruption in the middle of the holy service of the mass, that he could not understand what I said, so I was obliged to repeat it in French. He then presented the inside of the chalice, and when it had been hastily kissed by the old princess she turned towards me and said aloud—

“*Merci, ma petite chatte !*”

If you can find any moral in *this* story, so much the better !

I had better take this opportunity of telling you of another privilege belonging to their most Christian Majesties when they receive the holy sacrament.

The officiating priest presents, on a large patena, as many consecrated wafers as there have been Kings of France since Clovis, and the King selects, and points out one particular wafer by touching it with the tip of his finger.

Another custom from time immemorial is, to burn fire only in the censer with which homage is done to a King of France—but to the queen, or any other member of the royal family, perfume is put in.

It appears that the former of these two customs dates from the time of Louis le Débonnaire, whom it was supposed was to have been poisoned by a holy wafer ; as for the latter, it is generally attributed to the aversion Phillippe le Bel had to the smell and smoke of incense, which always made him faint.

But you must now hear the account of our pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount.

The Abbess of Montivilliers, by virtue of her office, had an obligation to fulfil in execution of a vow made by one of her predecessors, Agnes of Normandy, aunt of William the Conqueror, and this consisted in *once* visiting the Church of St. Michael's Mount *in periculo maris*.

This Abbey of St. Michael was of the same order, and congregation as that of Mon-

tivilliers. The two monasteries had each been richly endowed by the ancestors of this Princess Agnes, particularly by William Longue-Epée, Duke of Normandy.

The Abbot of St. Michael, and the Abbess of Montivilliers were perpetual *proto-custodes* of the order of St. Michael, and to this day they possess the same collars which their predecessors received from Louis XI; the Abbot, moreover, is *conseiller-né* to the Abbey of Montivilliers, the latter having the arms of that brotherhood quartered with her own, in token of alliance, a circumstance which gave rise to a constant series of innocent jests, whilst at the same time, it made a sort of fraternal union between the two Abbeys, each being termed by the other "*insigne et vénérable sœur.*"

An old coach was patched up for our journey in which the defunct Abbess Madame de Gonzague, had made the same pilgrimage, which, in her case, lasted an immense time, for she took advantage of the opportunity of going on to Paris to see her aunt the Pala-

tine,* and to visit another aunt, the Queen Dowager of Poland,† who lived at Cracow.

She had imagined that her journey to Poland would have been but an affair of twelve or fifteen days, but as she would only sleep in Benedictine Convents, and journeyed from one to another starting from her own old Nunnery of Notre Dame de Montmartre, she was four months going, and four months returning! The best of it was, that nothing would induce her to remain more than eight-and-forty hours with her aunt when she got there, because she said she had business of importance at Montivilliers.

All these Princesses of the House of Nevers were strange beings.

* Anne de Gonzague de Mantone de Montferrat de Clèves et de Nevers, wife of Edward de Bavière, Prince Palatin of the Rhine, died in 1684. She was celebrated for her wit, and her intrigues in the time of la Fronde.

† Louise-Marie de Gonzague, daughter of Charles de Gonzague, Duc de Nevers, and afterwards Duc de Mantone. She married in 1645 Ladislas Jagellon King of Poland, and secondly in 1649 King Jean-Casimir Jagellon, Brother of her first husband.

She afterwards told her Nuns at Montivilliers, that whilst partaking of the hospitality of a Convent in the Austrian States, she met there two merry Princess-Abbesses, who took her to the theatre, an act not prohibited in that Country. It so happened that two Norman Nuns who attended her as acolytes, and who had never seen anything more imposing than the High Altar on the occasion of the *Fête Dieu* were so utterly overcome by their feelings on witnessing the glory of the opera that on entering the Box, they immediately fell on their knees.

One of these good old ladies was still living during my residence at Montivilliers. I recollect that she was of the House of Mathan, one of the most ancient, and noble families of the Duchy of Normandy.

Of all that she had seen in her travels, that which had made the strongest impression on her was the fact of her having observed on the sign of an Inn, a coat of arms very similar to her own ; in time she became resigned to this indignity, but it was not

without much difficulty that she was enabled to lay at the foot of the cross, so great a mortification.

On arriving at the lands of the Barony of Genest, which belong to the Monks of St. Michael, we found an envoy sent from these reverend Fathers to wait upon their "*insigne et vénérable sœur*," of Montivilliers, to whom he did not fail to point out certain forms, which he considered indispensable to the regularity of her pilgrimage.

From this point the Lady Abbess, and her two *assistantes* were to preserve a rigid silence (anything but agreeable to me), and as soon as we reached the shore beyond a little town called Pontorson, and at that part of the coast nearest St. Michael's Mount, my aunt alighted from her great coach in order to finish the remainder of the journey on foot.

We walked I think for nearly an hour over a firm and sandy beach, covered with shells, having on the right, the green and woody coast of Normandy,—on the left the sea of

Brittany, serene and blue as the sky ; and before us, an immense pyramidal rock, the base of which is surrounded by high embattled walls, with turrets abutting therefrom.

The flanks of the wall were studded with little gothic edifices intermingled with pines, fig-trees, ivy and oaks—the summit is crowned by a mass of buildings, strongly built, and the whole surmounted by an imposing looking basilisk with its bell and pointed belfry.

The pinnacle is so richly wrought, yet so light withal, that it is matchless, and on the apex stands the great gilt figure of the Archangel Michael, which turns on a pivot according to the direction of the wind.

They told us that the evolutions of this figure, whose flaming sword seems to defy the lightning and scatter the thunderbolts, were something extraordinary during the storms of this tempestuous climate. They next showed us a m.s. of a prophecy of the Abbot Richard de Toustain who predicted

the ruin of his Abbey when this same statue should be overthrown.*

I left the good sisters to their litanies whilst I picked up shells, and little stones radiant with a thousand bright colours ; I learnt, long after that, that these were fragments of porphyry, jasper, Ægyptian serpentine, agate, and other oriental materials which had been deposited on these shores of Armorica by the violence of the waves.

At the foot of the ramparts we were shown two great cannons embedded in the sand, formed of bars of iron bound round by iron hoops ; these, it was said, had been disgracefully abandoned by the English in their last attempt upon St. Michael's Mount.

It is to be observed, to the honor of the order of St. Benoit, that these enemies of France have always failed in the same undertaking, which is easily explained by the

* This statue, which dated from the 12th Century and which had been erected by the Abbé Rainulfe, de Villedieu, was dashed to atoms by lightning in the year 1788.

courage and fidelity of the besieged when the strand is dry, for at high water it is absolutely impossible to approach the Mount.

Not far from the convent where we lodged, was the state prison, which contained only two prisoners, one of whom was the Chevalier d' O., who was there on suspicion of having killed his niece by stabbing her with a sword. (He was said to be half mad, but the Prior charitably remarked that, "that was unfair towards the *other half*!")

I think I recollect that the other captive was a Canon of Bayeux, who could not keep his hands from coining; it was a sort of mania—a ruling passion with him. I remember too, quite well, the place where the Dutch *gazetier* was confined, but I never could understand how Mlle. de Sillery * could have the face to publish, forty years afterwards, that it was an iron cage, and that

* The Comtesse de Genlis, then Mademoiselle de Sillery.

it had been destroyed by his pupil, the Duc de Chartres.†

It was a large room, of which the floor above was supported by rafters, and I do not see how the Duc de Chartres could destroy the room without bringing that floor about his ears. It was quite right and proper to sound the praises of a French prince, but at the same time truth only should be spoken.

Mlle de Sillery had no scruples on this score, because she had to do with readers who had nothing to say in reply, from the fact of people knowing no more of the Abbey of St. Michael than they did of the Church of Bron-les-Bourg at Bresse, or the royal château of Chambord, which are

† Louis Philippe D'Orleans, eleventh of the name Duc D'Orleans, de Valois, de Chartres and de Montpensier, premier prince of the blood royal and Peer of France. He was then Duc de Chartres—now Lieutenant General of the Kingdom under the title of King of the French. 28th September 1833. (*Note of the French Editor.*)

nevertheless three of the greatest curiosities in the kingdom ; St. Michael's Mount defies description.

Twenty years afterwards I revisited it with M. de Créquy your grandfather, when he was Inspector General of the coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

The Abbey Church is a fine edifice of the 12th century. The High Altar, which is raised above the shrine of St. Paternus, Bishop of Avranches, is entirely covered with massive silver, as well as the tabernacle and steps, which support a fine enamelled figure of the Destroying Angel.

Benvenuto Cellini never produced anything more brilliant, or more poetically fantastic and delicately chiselled than the body of the dragon, which is uncoiled and struggling beneath the feet of the arch-angel.

At the spring of the roof about the choir, you see emblazoned coats of arms, with the names of those Norman gentlemen who

fought with William the Conqueror in the years 1066 and 1067.

It is easy to prove, that of these ancient families, none now exist in England. They made mysterious mention to us there, of a singular piece of corruption attempted by a Duke of Somerset, with the design of adding to those names, that of *Seymour* or *St. Maur*, which he asserted had been the primitive patronymic of his family, and which he wished to see figure amongst the companions of William the Conqueror in order to make good his pretensions.

Such a proposal as this was received as it deserved to be, and you may imagine that the expences incurred by the Seymours in this embassy to St. Michael's Mount were not inconsiderable.

None but the grandson of an upstart-pedant, such as the preceptor of Edward the Sixth, could imagine that a *false inscription* could be bought for money, from a Catholic clergy, from French gentlemen, in a church and within the sanctuary of a Royal Abbey!

CHAPTER IV.

A lucky misfortune — Death of the Authoress's Brother—Court mourning—Journey to Paris—The Comte de Froulay—Hôtel de Breteuil—Its inmates—Their peculiarities—The lovely Emilie—Voltaire—Nebuchadnezzar and Prince Cherry—The Commandeur—Lady Laura de Breteuil—A rarity, a British Peeress with good manners!—Aversion of the Authoress to the Prince of Orange—Another De Breteuil.

MISFORTUNES are not unfrequently productive of happiness in the end, for in consequence of the loss of my brother, I married M. de Créquy, with whom I passed thirty years of cloudless and unequalled bliss. Had I not become a great heiress, this mar-

riage would certainly never have taken place, for all your paternal estates were encumbered with mortgages ; your grandfather would have been obliged to have formed some mere mercenary match, a circumstance unprecedented in your family, and the idea of which might probably have determined him not to marry at all.

To return to my brother, he died of small-pox whilst with the army of the Maréchal de Villars, where he commanded my father's old regiment, the *Royal Comtois*. His death occurred I think, at the commencement of the year 1713, and my Aunt de Montivilliers, out of consideration for my youth and knowing the love I bore my brother, prepared me gradually for the sad news.

She continued this caution for four or five months, and the effect to me was as though I were witnessing his slow decline in some protracted illness ; I wore deep mourning all the time without guessing at the real state of the case, because at the

same period we were wearing parent's mourning for the Maréchale de Tessé, her husband being the head of our house.

All people of rank assume parent's mourning on the death of the head of their family, although they might have been but 20th cousins ; it was a kind of deference which bore high testimony to the dignity of descent, and a display of Salic law which *parvenus* dared not ape. That is the reason I have always regretted and disapproved of this custom not being as general and as rigorously observed as it used to be.

It is pretty well known that it was the Duchesse de Berry, daughter of the Regent, who shortened the duration of all possible mournings to one half, but I can assure you that with the exception of the Courtiers of the Palais Royal, and the intimates of the Luxembourg, where this unworthy princess resided, no one would adopt so impertinent an innovation ; it is also to be remarked, that since her introduction amongst the *Colombats*, neither the nobility of Artois

of Britany, of Burgundy, Languedoc, nor Dauphiny, have ever chosen to conform to this whim of the Duchesse de Berry.

Towards the end of November 1713, my aunt told me with an air of mystery which set me thinking, that I was going to pass the winter at Paris, but that I should return to the Abbey as soon as I had made the acquaintance of my grand-mother de Froulay.

I cried a great deal at the separation—that was the least of the evils—and I set off with my maid in a *chaise de poste*, driven by two postillions which my father had dispatched from Paris to bring me. We arrived after six days travelling, and I alighted at the Hôtel de Froulay, Rue St. Dominique, where I beheld my father for the first time, but he received me as though we had only parted the day before.

His personal appearance was most prepossessing, and his manners easy and elegant; he told me that he should take me to live with my aunt, the Baronne de

Breteuil, because the Marquise de Froulay my grand-mother, passed the greater part of her time on the road between Paris and Versailles ; he added that she would be good enough to present me in certain houses, and concluded by enjoining me to be most careful how I behaved before the De Breteuils, as the family were exceedingly particular on all points relating to etiquette.

My father ordered me a *panade aux confitures*, and we then started for the Hôtel de Breteuil, which faced, and still faces, the garden of the Tuileries, a situation which struck me as so enchanting that I burst out into exclamations of pleasure, eliciting thereby the remark, that I was “ as natural as it was possible to be ! ”

This pretty house contains only, as you know, from seven to eight rooms on each floor, but they are all decorated and gilt with wondrous richness ; and the apartments allotted to the different members of the Breteuil family in the following manner ;

The Marquise de Breteuil-Sainte-Croix

occupied the ground floor, of which she reserved two or three rooms for her mother, the Maréchale de 'Thomond, who was lady in waiting to the Queen of England, and eldest sister of the Maréchale de Berwyck.* The mother and daughter had magnificent apartments in the new château of St. Germain; and those which they had at the Hôtel de Breteuil were considered only as a sort of roost for them in Paris.

My Aunt, the Baronne de Breteuil-Preuilly, inhabited the first story of the Hotel with her husband, whose library engrossed three rooms; the second was occupied only by the

* Wife of James Fitz-James, Duke of *Berwick* who was a natural son of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, born 1670. He became a French subject by naturalization. He had commanded the armies of three of the most powerful Monarchs of Europe, viz., the Kings of France, Spain, and England; and was invested with the first dignities of those kingdoms. He was killed at the siege of Phillipsbourg, in 1734. The Marshall had married, first, a daughter of the house of Clanricarde, of the house of Burke, in Ireland; and, secondly, a lady of the name of Bulkeley, by whom he had the first Marshal Fitz-James.—*Vide Biographie Universelle. (Translator's Note.)*

Countess dowager de Breteuil-Charmeuax, my other aunt, who was eldest sister of the Baronne, and a de Froulay by birth, as well as her sister and myself. She would never share her fine rooms with any one, and thought the De Breteuils did not do half enough for her.

The third floor was tenanted by the Commandeur de Breteuil-Chantecler, and he received the Bishop of Rennes (Messire Auguste de Breteuil-Conty) whenever that worthy prelate fancied he had business in Paris, which was pretty often.

Last of all, the five children of my aunt occupied the fourth story ; and my cousin, Emilie, who became afterwards, Marquise du Châtelet, was obliged to give up her room facing the Tuileries, to me. They banished her, in consequence, to three little rooms, opening upon the *cul-de-sac Dauphin*, for which (be it said, *en passant*) she never forgave me.

You perceive that I was now transplanted into the midst of the de Breteuil family ;

and whenever the advice of my father occurred to my mind, I felt as if I were in a bed of thorns : however, I so carefully observed every point of etiquette, that, in time, habit became a second nature to me, and I insensibly acquired the good custom of never making remarks about people of inferior rank, without first looking round as one would do in the presence of red-heads and hunchbacks.

M. de Breteuil was an old *robin* who spoke of nothing but his father, the Controller-general, to whom one had always to say “*Monseigneur*” this, and “*Monseigneur*” that, in fact, he never opened his mouth but a “*Monseigneur*” was sure to drop out of it.

The elder of my aunts, Marie Therèse de Froulay, was an arrogant old dowager, proud, exacting, and self-sufficient, to a degree. Although she affected sovereign contempt for the pomp which surrounded us at the Hôtel de Breteuil, it did not prevent her from never stirring except in a coach-and-six, with a yeoman-pricker and four lacqueys in

state liveries. The Baron used to say, that the equipage of his sister-in-law was like a pageant on a fête day ; nevertheless, to the 36000 frs., which he had to pay her for dowry and jointure, he regularly added 24,000 as a present from himself.

She had seven lady's maids, of whom one or two sat up with her all night, to protect her from ghosts and apparitions ; of all the cowards I ever knew she was certainly the greatest. Nothing would induce her to remain alone in her sister's dressing room, because there was a tiger's skin on the floor, of which she stood in mortal terror.

All the said Countess de Breteuil ate for breakfast and dinner was a *panade d'orgeat*, and she never supped at home, consequently she had more money than she knew what to do with ; but this was no consolation to her whilst she could not pay her Court at Versailles, and so, in the forty-third year of her age she ended by marrying the old Marquis de la Vieuville, thereby gaining the *entrée*,

as he had once been gentleman of the chamber to the late Queen Marie Thérèse.

This, she told me, decided her at once, but I fancy the 100,000 *écus* a year of the old Marquis had also their weight in the scale. She was, without exception, the coldest-hearted, and the vainest woman I ever encountered, without a single idea in her whole head.

My cousin Emilie, (who was then called Mlle. de Preuilly, and not Mlle. de Breteuil, in order to distinguish her from her cousin-german, since become Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre) was my junior by three or four months, but she was at least five or six inches taller than myself. Her friend Voltaire published her birth in 1706, to make her out four years younger, but she was in reality born on the seventeenth of December 1702, a fact easily proved by referring to the vestry of St. Roch.

She was a Colossus in every respect—wonderfully strong, and prodigiously awkward. Her hands, and feet were of the most formidable dimensions, and her skin like a

nutmeg-grater ; in short the lovely Emilie was coarseness personified, and because Voltaire had assurance enough to speak of her beauty, she thought it necessary to rave of algebra, and geometry.

The most unbearable part of her character was her pedantry, and she was always pluming herself on her superiority of intellect, whilst, on the contrary, her memory was most defective, and her mind one hodge-podge of confused ideas.

For instance, she asked us one night with the half innocent, half thoughtful air she generally assumed, “ which we believed most ? that Nebuchadnezzar was changed into a bull, or that Prince Cherry was metamorphosed into a bird ? ”

“ Neither one nor the other,” answered her mother.

“ But I saw it in the bible.”

“ You never saw anything of the kind,” said my aunt, who lost no opportunity of openly reproving her ; “ go and find the

bible where you made such interesting discoveries."

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of Heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws."

"Where do you read that he was changed into a beast of the field? He went mad without doubt, but there is no mention of his turning into a bull; such an idea is only worthy of a scullery-maid!"

That was the way the learned Emilie studied, and such was the use she made of her knowledge.

I can understand how Voltaire might have had a fancy for passing her off as a *savante*, but how M. Clairaut, who was a grave and austere man, could be equally complaisant, surpasses my comprehension.

We always thought she must have bribed him, and we never heard of the genius and

profound learning of Madame du Châtelet, without bursting into fits of laughter, which used greatly to annoy Voltaire.

Of the Commandeur de Breteuil, and the Bishop of Rennes, grand master of the royal chapel, I shall have little to tell you, except that the latter was nothing but a mitred goose. It pleased the other to be always in a state of profound melancholy, but he was mild in his manners, and indulgent to his dependants, excepting only his pursebearer, whose duties he rigorously supervised.

He was a sort of enigma to his family, and friends, and whenever he left the Hotel de Breteuil on foot they ran to the windows to see him pass by, for every one regarded him with unaccountable curiosity, not unmixed with awe.

The Commandeur had a casket full of papers which, on the eighteenth of April 1714, he addressed to the King Louis the fourteenth; he accompanied the valet who had charge of them, to Versailles, but returned to Paris by himself, and on the twentieth of the

same month was found dead in his bed. The night before he had burnt a great number of letters, as well as a portrait of *Monsieur* the King's brother, the ashes of which were found in his fire place.

When Madame (Henrietta of England) died, rumours of all kinds were afloat ; much was also said on the decease of the Commandeur de Breteuil, and of the circumstances which preceded it, but the probability is, he died a natural death.

I remember Mme. de Maintenon wrote a very pretty note on the melancholy occasion.

Lady Laura de Breteuil, otherwise called the Marquise de Sainte Croix, was a British peeress, perfectly polished in her manners, although of high birth ; two things of rare occurrence in that country ; but there was something constrained about her, and she seemed always ill at ease, and continually wishing to thrust upon us her pretensions to the royal tribe of the O'Bryens, and the Princes of Thomond, whose heiress she was.

Her father, who became a Marshal of France, and her mother, who was controller of the household to the English Court at St. Germain, were two red-hot Jacobites, and both remarkably bad-tempered emigrants.

Once in her life, the Maréchale de Thomond told me an amusing anecdote : At the moment she was about to embark in the suite of the unfortunate Queen of England, (Marie de Modena), she promised an old aunt whom she left in Ireland, a certain Lady Stuart, to write her all the news about her cousin, King James, and to detail the manner in which the Stuarts were received at Versailles.*

She however contented herself with merely sending her a leaf out of her prayer

* Louis the Fourteenth did not fail to receive his guests in a very splendid manner ; the Palace of St. Germain, magnificently fitted up, was assigned to James and his Queen, with 50,000 crowns by way of outfit, and a further monthly allowance of 50,000 francs.—*Vide Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart.*

book : containing the beginning of the Psalm, " The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies my footstool."

Nothing could be more applicable than the beginning of this verse—would to God that its conclusion were realized as far as that abominable stadtholder William were concerned ! Ever since I was an infant, I have held him in execration, and felt for him a patriotic hatred which will never be effaced.

I know not whether I have dreamt it, but my impression is, that the Marèchal de Thomond and his wife, who were then always called Lord and Lady O'Bryen de Clare,* had another daughter married to the Duc de Praslin.

Before I have done with the De Breteuils and their relations, I have yet to tell you

* Lord Clare raised and commanded a regiment of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. He fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Ramillies.—(*Translator's Note.*) *Vide, Military History of the Irish Nation, by the late Mathew O'Connor Esq. —Dublin ; 1845.*

of another member of the family, the most sensible, the best informed, the most affectionate of them all. I never knew so loveable and interesting a woman, and therefore I have reserved her to the last, for a *bonne-bouche* as it were.

Gabrielle Anne de Froulay, Baronne de Breteuil and de Preuilly was renowned for her great beauty. She was one of those striking sort of persons that one sees but once, and that, with the impression that one shall never see their like again. Her complexion was perfectly extraordinary, so natural and so fresh; her hair was coal black, her eyebrows dark, and her eyes the deepest grey, but soft in expression and full of intelligence.

She was naturally serious, and I do not think any one ever saw her smile except out of complaisance, or from tenderness when she beheld her children, who were the sweetest creatures possible, (always excepting the awkward Emilie).

My dear good aunt was very superstitious

on the score of *pressentimens*, and when her children were the object of them, any opposition to the steps which she might think it necessary, in consequence, to take, would excite her anger until, mild and submissive as she generally was, she would denounce her husband as the incarnation of all that was despotic.

“ Do you think, sir, that the mother of your children has less natural instinct and foresight than the mother of your chickens ? is it necessary for *you* to have spied the hawk before the hen is permitted to alarm herself about the safety of her brood ? ”

The earnestness of her manner if not the justice of the comparison, used to act like magic, and her husband would reply in the most resigned manner,

“ Pray go, madame, go and establish yourself close to the college of La Flèche, since you have been warned in a dream that your son is about to be seized with convulsions.”

For this once, however, my aunt had made a good guess, and eight days after-

wards we saw her return with her second son, whom she had snatched from college, and from the jaws of death, by making him swallow draughts of lettuce juice, the first time such a remedy was ever heard of for convulsions.

The little cousin of whom I am now speaking, was the father of the Baron de Breteuil, the present Home Minister. His only daughter married the Comte Goyon de Matignon, and the issue of their marriage was also an only daughter, married to the eldest son of the Duc de Montmorency.

Should we have the misfortune to lose you, Madame de Montmorency will become my heiress, a piece of good fortune to which I do not devoutly desire she should attain!*

* The grandson and the son of the Author died before the Baron de Breteuil, the grandfather of Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, who consequently, in the year 1833 inherited all the possessions of Madame de Créquy, in which year occurred also, the death of Madame de Matignon, her mother.—(*Note of French Editor.*)

CHAPTER V.

Useful Manual!—M. de Fontenelle—Amusing scene at La Fontaine's death—Marquis de Dangeau—Duke de St. Simon—Jean Baptiste Rousseau—Milord George Keith D'Athry, Marischal of Scotland—Confessions—The Dowager Marquise de Froulay—Maréchal de Tessé—St. Cyr—Louis the Fourteenth—Madame de Maintenon—The Chapel—*Messieurs les Anglais* no right to "God save the King!"

My aunt found me tolerably well-informed, but her experience taught her, that life in a Convent was scarcely the school for the world.

You will see that Madame de Breteuil was a most scientifically-polished person ;

much to my surprise, for she only quitted the Convent of St. Madeleine-en-Dunois to marry a husband whose rank and profession did not admit of his breathing the courtly air of Versailles.

She began by making me read "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," a book published years ago at Poitiers, and full of fooleries.

For instance, it enjoined one to be careful not to spit in one's neighbour's pocket ; that at dinner it is not correct to blow one's nose on the table napkin ; neither ought the hair to be combed in church, but above all, one was to guard against making the sign of the cross behind the back, because it was an act of incivility to the Holy Sacrament! " You must know," said she, " that the dandies of the time of the late King Louis XIII, wore their hair long, and were in the habit of carrying combs in their pockets, a custom which old people have not yet abandoned, and as to using table-napkins as pocket-handkerchiefs, it is much to be

wished that certain provincial gentlemen, beginning with the Count and Chevalier de Montesquiou would take this advice into consideration, for he does not even spare the table cloth !”

In other respects her instructions were perfectly devoid of frivolity, and without any pretension to pedantry, consequently I listened to her with pleasure and confidence.

I have now survived this wise and excellent woman seventy-five years, and never have I had reason to alter my opinion of anything she taught me.

The domestic circle at the Hotel de Breteuil, comprised at the utmost, twenty intimates, who had covers laid for them at the supper table every day according to the fashion of the times, and the hospitality of that rich and liberal house.

To give you a complete idea of the extent of the establishment, it is sufficient to mention that in Paris alone, my aunt and uncle had forty-four servants. Monsieur de Fonte-

nelle* used to sup there regularly every Thursday ; he was then about forty-five years of age but no one would have taken him for more than six-and-thirty. He was a handsome man of five-feet eight, with fine regular features ; his address pleasing, and his manners gentle and agreeable. He had withal, a gay and open expression of countenance, and though he had contracted a habit of stooping, still was he most graceful in all his movements ; in fact he was a person quite out of the common way.

Fontenelle was benevolence and charity itself ; he gave away about a quarter of his income every year to the poor of the parish, and I cannot understand how he could ever have been accused of egotism and want of feeling.

* Bernard le Borier, Ecuyer, Sieur de Fontenelle, perpetual Secretary of the Academie Royale des Sciences, died in Paris in 1757 aged one hundred all but three months. He was the nephew of Pierre Corneille, and distantly related to Mlle. Scudery.--(Note by the Author.)

I have heard him speak of that ridiculous story of the *asparagus dressed in oil*,* but as having happened to some doctor of the Sorbonne, whilst Voltaire, forty or fifty years afterwards, was spiteful enough to republish it, making Fontenelle the hero.

“How can they accuse you of want of feeling my dear and good Fontenelle?” said my aunt one day.

* Fontenelle, it seems, had a great liking for this vegetable, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon-vivant* Abbé with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner; the Abbé was very fond of asparagus also, but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing away very lovingly and waiting for dinner, the poor Abbé falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy, upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to his cook with eagerness:—“The whole with oil! the whole with oil, as at first!”—*Review of Grimm's Correspondence. Edinburgh Review for September 1814.*

“Because,” he replied with a smile, “I am not yet dead!”

He held strawberries in high estimation, and had great reliance on their sanatory qualities. He was attacked regularly every year of his life with fever, “but” he would exclaim “if I can only last till the strawberries come in!” This he was fortunate enough to do ninety-nine times, and he attributed his longevity entirely to the use of strawberries!

I could tell you a thousand amusing stories of Fontenelle, but they have been already related, and I shall always endeavour to write only of what you could not read elsewhere.

I will merely relate to you one more anecdote, often repeated by Voltaire, and also told by Fontenelle, (an authority which has a different kind of weight with me to Voltaire’s); La Fontaine was very ill, and had just received the last sacraments; he asked his old friend, Madame Cornuel (of whom Madame de Sevigné speaks) if it

would not be quite the proper thing for him to be carried on a truck in his shirt and barefooted, with a rope round his neck, to the gate of Notre-Dame, where he would be supposed to be making an "*amende honorable*," for all he had written and said !

"Only," he continued, "you must find some one to hold up my taper, for I should never have strength to carry it, and I should much like to employ one of those smart lacqueys of our neighbour the Président de Nicolay."

"Hold your tongue and die quietly, my good man," was all the answer he got from old Cornuel ; "you have always been a great goose."

"That is very true," replied La Fontaine, "and it is very lucky for me, as I hope that God will take pity on me on that account ; mind you tell every one that I sinned from folly and not wickedness—that would sound much better ; would it not ?"

"I wish you would let me alone, and die in peace !" exclaimed the other.

The Chevalier de la Sablière told Fontenelle, that La Fontaine's confessor and all who were present, ended by laughing outright, and the last words of the *good man* were these : “ *Je vois bien que je suis devenu plus bête que le bon Dieu n'est saint, et c'est beaucoup dire en vérité !*”

The Marquis de Dangeau used to come and sleep sometimes at the Hotel de Breteuil, but he was always wrapt in such impenetrable folds of decorum, that I am really at a loss what to tell you about him, except that, to me, he was the most annoying person in the world, and I was always in alarm lest I should say or do something of which he would disapprove.

It was said at the time that he was writing his memoirs, and when at last they appeared, they did not strike me as being either more interesting or less insignificant than their author.

The old Duc de St. Simon, who used only to pay us visits, and never supped from home lest he should have to entertain in return,

was also *fabricating* memoirs. I say fabricating, because I have heard him protest in my presence, more than a hundred times, that none of the circumstances therein detailed, ever happened to him! You may therefore judge of the estimation in which I held his veracity. He was a miserable, sick creature, dried up with envy, devoured by vain ambition and always harping upon his ducal coronet. Jean Baptiste Rousseau used to compare his eyes to "two coals set in an omelette," and trifling as the simile seems, it is not the less true.

Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who had the face of a Silenus, and the figure of a rustic, came sometimes to *dine* at the Hotel de Breteuil, but not to *sup*, as that would not have been *de convenance*. We were enchanted with his odes, and my uncle allowed him a pension of 600 *livres*, which our cousins continued to him in Flanders after his exile and lawsuit, in which Saurin behaved most unworthily.

Milord Maréchal,* why should I not speak to you of Milord Maréchal? since every one who tells you of the affection with which he inspired me, will also be obliged to allow that we conducted ourselves with perfect propriety towards each other. Milord Maréchal—(I shall never be able to write that name without emotion!) was, when I

George, Ninth, Earl of Keith; he was attainted for the part he took in the Rebellion of 1715, and obliged to leave his native country; the Author of these Memoirs has not overdrawn his picture, all cotemporary writers agreeing that he was a most interesting character. Rousseau, in his "Confessions," (*Vol. iii, Livre xii.*) speaks of him in the most affectionate terms. Lord Mahon, in his "History of Europe," publishes a curious letter from Lord Keith to Prince James, reproaching the Pretender, apparently, with justice. He writes,—

"My health and my heart are broke by age and crosses. I resolve to retire from the world and from all affairs."

He withdrew to the Court of Prussia, and was honoured with the friendship of the King, who conferred upon him the insignia of the Black Eagle, sent him Ambassador to France, and afterwards appointed him Governor of Neufchatel. He was descended from that Sir John Keith (third son of William Earl Marischal) who preserved the Regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Oliver

saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth* and Melfort.

If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that

Cromwell by depositing it underground in the church of King-Kenneth, (commonly called Kineff) for which services, and his great loyalty to King Charles the Second, Sir John was, at the Restoration, created Knight Marischal. An ancestor of this family had, for his services, been created Heritable Great Marischal of Scotland by Malcolm the Second. In 1380, Sir Edward Keith, the Sixteenth Marischal, was created Lord Keith, and in 1455, William, the Fourth Lord was by James the Second, created Earl Marischal.—(*Translator's Note.*)

* The Duke of Perth was a son of the Lord John Drummond who played so conspicuous a part in the insurrection of 1715. He is described as being of a "very delicate constitution, but bold as a lion in the field." He made his escape after the Battle of Culloden, but died before he came in sight of the French coast. He was the Sixth Earl and the Third nominal Duke of his family.—(*Translator's Note.*)

charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favorite of Henry the third, which you inherited from the *Connétable de Lesdiguières*, and which is among our pictures in a gilt frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said in speaking of this picture, that Henry the third had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was Queen Louise de Vaudemont, who presented it to the Constable.)

The young Lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid, (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next, we used to listen to the conversation of each other without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other owing to our voices at first trembling and then failing us altogether; so to make a long story short, he one day said to me, apropos to nothing, " If I dared

to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me ?”

“ I should be enchanted !” said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness.

In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English, for in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castillian.

Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place

except in the Hôtel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case!

Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you;—

“ When first thy wak’ning eyes beheld the light
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled,
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears my child !”*

He related to me one evening with great glee, the adventures of some Dutch heiress,

“ Quand vos yeux en naissant, s’ouvraient à la
lumière

“ Chacun vous souriait, mon fils, et nous
pleuriez

“ Vivez si bien, qu’un jour à votre dernière
heure

“ Chacun verse des pleurs et qu’on vous voie
sourire.”

who had eloped with an English Orange man; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her!

This set me off laughing, upon which Mlle. de Preuilly fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted to my father, my grandmother (of whom I have lately spoken), and my Aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the *Marischal of Scotland* must be a Protestant!

I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvinist, and he said so himself; and heaven is my witness, that from that moment I did

not hesitate. I refused the hand of milord Maréchal ; and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country ; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold.

There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve.

When we met again after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another ; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification.

There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, Time has not laid bare defects, nor taught

the bitter lesson of mutual failings ; a delusion has existed on both sides which experience has not destroyed, and delighting in the idea of each other's perfections, that thought has seemed to smile on both with unspeakable sweetness till, when we meet in a grey old age, feelings so tender, so pure and so solemn arise, that they can be compared to no other sentiments or impressions of which our nature is capable.

This visit of the Marischal of Scotland took place in the presence of Madame de Nevers, and it moved her to the depths of her soul. You were born then my dear grandson ! and the Maréchal was seventy years of age.

“ Listen,” said he “ listen to the only French verses I ever composed, and perhaps to the only reproaches that were ever addressed to you !”

“ Un trait, lancé par caprice
M'atteignit dans mon printemps ;
J'en porte la cicatrice
Encor sous mes cheveux blancs.

Craignez les maux qu'amour cause,
Et plaignez un insensé
Qui n'a point cueilli la rose
Et que l'épine a blessé.*

From those proud eyes, two or three tears trickled down his venerable cheeks.....

“Are you going again immediately to join the king?” said I, “shall we be separated for ever?—will you never be converted to the true faith?”

“I am *des votres* after, as before, death” said he with beautiful simplicity. “I have ever loved you too well not to embrace your religion—what religion can equal that which gives us strength to make self-sacrifices?... In fact, I have become a Catholic, and I am Catholic in spirit and in truth.”

This announcement from so noble an old

* “In life's first spring, a random shaft
Struck me, and still I bear
The scar of that capricious wound
Beneath my whitened hair;
Do thou, then, fear the paths of love,
And, shunning, learn to mourn,
For him who would have cull'd the rose,
But only found the thorn.”

man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life !

Milord George Keith d'Athry was hereditary Marischal, and premier Earl, a Peer of Scotland, Knight of the Garter and Grand Cross of the Black Eagle. One sees everywhere in print, according to d'Alembert,* that he was born in 1685, but he told me often that he was born the third of December 1686. He terminated his earthly career in 1778 at the Court of Prussia in the enjoyment of the intimacy of the King, and the Memory of Milord-Maréchal will always be held by me in reverence and affection.

It is high time that I should now come to my grandmother de Froulay, who was kept continually going backwards and forwards

* John le Rond d'Alembert received his first education in the college of Les Quatre Nations, among the Jansenists. He was secretary to the French Academy, and was a most subtle agent in that hostility against Christianity, carried on by Voltaire, Diderot and others, who assisted in the Encyclopædia.—(*Translator's Note.*)

on the high road from Paris to Versailles, and from Versailles to Paris because Madame la Chancelière was ill at Versailles, and the Abbé de St. Geneviève was ill at Paris, so that for nine or ten days after my arrival we had been unable to find her at home for the purpose of concerting measures for my presentation at Court.

“Mademoiselle de Froulay!” she exclaimed as soon as she saw me, “is it possible that you announced your arrival to me? I am quite shocked and miserable about it!”

She then made me a remarkably low curtsey without asking me to sit down, as the Duchesse d’Usez, was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs to hear tidings of their *Génovéfain*.

He recovered, but the *Chancelière* de Pont-Chartrain died, which was a great relief to my grandmother.

She was attired after the fashion of the time of La Fronde in a high cap with five rows of starched frills; she had on, an open robe over an old under-dress of silver tissue.

on which were embroidered in relief, all the animals that were ever in the Ark; one would have said it had been the Duchesse de Longueville, and I could not take my eyes off her.*

Two days afterwards she came to the Hotel de Breteuil to return my visit, and also to arrange about taking me to Versailles as it was deemed indispensable that I should pay my respects to the Maréchal de Tessé.

He scarcely ever came to Paris, and had already evinced a desire to see me, by expressing surprise that I had not yet been introduced to him, our *salic chieftain*.

It was agreed that we should go to Ver-

* My grandfather and grandmother died before I was born, therefore when I speak of "my grandmother," I allude to Julie Térése Grimaldi, of the family of the Princes of Salerno and Monaco, Dowager Marquise de Froulay. I acquired the habit of calling her my grandmother although she was only the second wife of my grandfather, Philippe Charles, Marquis de Froulay, de Montflaux et de Gatines-les-sept-Tours. She was otherwise nearly related to me, being the niece of the Maréchal de Tessé, the head of our family.—(Note by the Author.)

sailles as soon as we could get my father to escort us, to whom my aunt de Breteuil very properly wished previously to communicate our movements ; but my father happened to be at Versailles at the time, and only paid flying visits to Paris without stopping ; consequently the plan was not put into execution for several days afterwards.

The Maréchal de Tessé appeared to me to be deeply afflicted at the loss of his wife, and spoke of her with tears in his eyes.

His rooms were part of the suite of apartments belonging to the Dauphiness (Duchesse de Bourgogne,) to whom he had been *Grand Ecuyer*.

The defunct Lady-Maréchale was a near relation of Madame de Maintenon, their mothers being both Demoiselles de Villette, and moreover my grandmother was the god-daughter of Louis XIV, and Marie Mancini ; my great uncle and my grandmother were in consequence treated by this Prince and Madame de Maintenon with unusual condescension.

The Maréchal told us that he was certain

the latter personage would not disapprove of the liberty he was about to take in showing me Saint-Cyr, where Madame de Maintenon had gone that morning to spend the day, and where Madame de Froulay always had the private *entrée*.

We dined, and then went to see the chapel, where we offered up a short prayer. I did not venture to hope that the rest of the Palace would be shown to me, as that would not have been the thing—besides, I felt, myself, that I was making my appearance there for the first time as an astonished country-bumpkin.

We went down the steps of the orangery, and then entered the Marèchal's carriage which conveyed us to St. Cyr. We had not started more than seven or eight minutes when the carriage suddenly stopped, the two livery servants rushed to open the door, and hastily let down the steps.

“It is the King,” said my uncle, and he assisted us to alight without hurrying, for

his people were sufficiently well-trained to afford us ample time.

The King's carriage was escorted by only three musqueteers in undress, and the same number of light-horse. There were eight horses to his carriage as usual ; there were two pages in front, and four behind ; and the liveries of France were still azure, instead of the present horrible dark blue.

(It is Louis XV we have to thank for this sad innovation,)

The King was alone at the back of his carriage ; but as soon as he perceived us the cortège stopped, as it were by enchantment.

His Majesty lowered the window on his left, on which side we stood, and made us a most affable bow.

“ So that is the King !—that great King !” I exclaimed with tears in my eyes.

“ Yes, and you may add that good, that unfortunate King !” replied the Maréchal in a melancholy tone.

As soon as we arrived at Saint Cyr, we walked in the first place through a large

building, appropriated to the Lords in Waiting, and the Pages of His Majesty, who was at this moment walking in the gardens of the Convent with the Bishop of Chartres and some other Lords whom I did not see.

Madame de Maintenon was sitting in a lofty room wainscoated with oak, without any paint, and the furniture nothing but varnished leather. Before each seat was a square piece of tapestry for the feet, for so little furniture was there, that there was not even a carpet on the floor.

Madame de Maintenon made me approach close to her, that she might kiss my forehead; she looked at me with her most intelligent and gentle eyes, and then began immediately to converse with her neighbour—I then went and sat by my grandmother, who told me it was the Duchesse de Maine.

“The daughter-in-law of Madame de Montespan?” I enquired in a half whisper, but loud enough for the Maréchal de Tessé to hear.

“Good gracious!” exclaimed my uncle in

my ear, and in an agony of anxiety, "how can you talk of such things here?"

As for my Grandmother, she seemed struck dumb with confusion.

"Well!" said I to myself "there is evidently some mystery as to the parentage of this Duc de Maine, which I shall never solve, so I shall think no more about it."

Madame la Duchesse de Maine was neither quite hump-backed nor quite a fool, and yet there was something about her figure and mind, which one might call "*un tour d'épaule*." She was badly dressed for her age too; she wore a robe, over which ran a trellise-work of vine leaves in black velvet on a gold ground, and a profusion of gold beads composed her necklace, bracelets, clasps, and girdle, and also decorated her hair.

Old Dangeau, Mesdames de Noailles, de Montchevreuil, and de Caylus who were old enough to all intents and purposes, comprised the rest of the company.

At last a bell rang; Madame de Mainte-

non made us a low curtsy, and we followed her to the church, where they were going to give the "*salut*." I observed on our way, that she was handsomely but quietly dressed in a rich material, brocaded in *feuille-morte* and silver. She wore a high cap, and her mantilla was one piece of point lace lined with violet.

At each door the Duchesse de Maine and Madame de Maintenon exchanged polite little offers of precedence, always ending in the latter passing first, after pretending to hesitate and refuse for half a second or so. It is impossible to imagine any manœuvring more skilful than that which they displayed on this occasion !

Scarcely had we entered the pew which was called the Bishop's, when we saw the King appear in the Royal pew, which is opposite the altar. He came in with his head covered ; he wore a little three-cornered hat richly laced, which he took off, first to bow to the altar, then to a gilt grating, behind which was Madame de Maintenon,

and lastly to the Duchesse de Maine and the rest of us, for our pew happened to be in a line with that of his Majesty, without regard to our difference in rank.

The whole of the King's suite, as well as the ladies and gentlemen with the Princess his daughter-in-law, did not come into the chapel of St. Cyr, at all events if they were there, we did not see them.

That which made the most lasting impression upon me, was the sound of the beautiful voices of the young girls who, unexpectedly to me, burst forth in unison and chaunted an Anthem, or rather, a national and religious hymn, the words by Madame de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully.

The words, which I obtained a long time afterwards, were as follows :—

“ Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi

Grand Dieu, vengez le roi

Vive le Roi !

Que, toujours glorieux,

Louis, victorieux

Voie ses ennemis

Toujours soumis !

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi
Grand Dieu, vengez la roi
Vive la Roi !”

Even should you have sufficient curiosity, you need give yourself but little trouble as to procuring the music, since a German of the name of Handel, carried it away with him to Paris, and there, with an eye to his own interest, presented it as a homage to King George of Hanover. *Messieurs les Anglais* ended by adopting it as their own, and producing it as one of their National *Airs* !*

* It is not only the statement of Madame de Créquy of the remarkable effrontery of the German composer, that has set critics at work as to the origin of “God save the King !” Two English newspapers have already spoken of it in the same terms. The “*Gazette de France*” also has pointed out several documents which bear upon it, and lastly, the French Journal *La Mode*, in the number for the Thirty-first of July, 1831, contains an article which it might not be useless to extract here :—

“ Letters from Edinburg mention that the M.S. Memoirs of the Duchess of Perth were to be sold in London for 3000*l* sterling. They are replete with interesting details of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, as well as of that of King James during the

On our return from St. Cyr, they took me to call upon Madame *la Chancelière* who was dying ; nevertheless she had a gathering of all the Court at her bedside, where she had the politeness to invite my grandmother and myself also to be seated.

residence of their Britannic Majesties at the Château of St. Germain-en-Laye. Her Grace, in giving an account of the establishment at St. Cyr, bears witness to a fact not unknown in France, but the authenticity of which depended on the old nuns of that house, namely that the words and air of "God save the King" were of French origin ;

" Lorsque le roy très-chrétien entroit dans la chapelle, tout le chœur desdites demoiselles nobles y chantoist à chaque fois les parolles suyvantes et sur un très-bel ayr du sieur de Lully :

" Grand Dieu, sauvey le Roy."

(&c. &c. as before.)

The tradition handed down at St. Cyr was, that the composer, Handel, during his visit to the Superior of this Royal House, had requested and obtained permission to copy the air and words of this Gallic invocation, which he immediately afterwards offered to George the First as his own composition, &c."

A declaration, signed by four nuns of St. Cyr, fully confirms this assertion of the Author.—(*Note of the French Editor.*)

* "God save the King—"

The aspirants to the nationality of this Anthem have been numerous. France, Germany, and Denmark, have successively claimed it as their own, and great difficulty has long hung over the history or origin of it in our own country, some maintaining that it was composed by a Dr. Rogers in the time of Henry the Eighth and prior to the Reformation ; others again attributing it with some plausibility to Henry Carey, a natural son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, who died in 1743, aged 80. Scotland has urged her rights of paternity, declaring that it was taken from a book published in Aberdeen in 1682. The following is extracted from the Morning Post, November the Second, 1814,—

"The late Dr. Burney was asked by the late Duke of Gloucester, whether he believed that "God save the King!" was composed by Carey? The Doctor replied that he knew the words were not written for any King George, and that the earliest copy with which we are acquainted began, "God save great James our King!" Thence arises a question ;—which King James? The Jacobites asserted that it was composed in honor of the House of Stuart for James the Second, and sung at his Roman Catholic Chapel ; but against that plea it may be urged that it would be unusual to that form of worship to have any vocal music sung to English

words, and moreover, in that case, "confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," would apply to the Protestants, which renders it improbable that it would have been sung as a National Anthem ; still less can it be supposed that it has reference to James the Second after the abdication, for the words would not apply to him at all.

It can be proved from the Ancient Records of the Merchant Tailors' Company that it was written in honour of James the First, the music composed by Dr. John Bull and the words by Ben Johnson* at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company on the occasion of a sumptuous entertainment given by them to that monarch on Thursday July the Sixteenth 1607, to congratulate him on his escape from the "Powder Plot." There is also positive proof in the same archives that Dr. John Bull was rewarded by that company for the music which he had composed, and in "Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," published in London, 1740, we read, "there is extant, a large number and variety of Dr. Bull's pieces in manuscript, &c." and then follows a catalogue of his compositions, and at folio 56 is "God save the King !"

* In the Merchant Tailors' books his name is spelt thus.

Here, then, is an undeniable claim for Dr. Bull to the authorship of the tune of "God save the King." It must be the same tune that is sung at the present time, because it has never yet appeared that there were two of a similar description, at least this must be admitted until another is produced.

Another material circumstance is, that Dr. Bull could not have composed that tune for any other king, because he lived only in James the First's reign. Bull died in 1622, King James in 1625. Handel was born 1684, and died 1759.

To those who are curious on this subject, a perusal of a valuable work of considerable research is recommended, entitled "An account of the National Anthem," by Richard Clark, from which the foregoing remarks have been compiled."

CHAPTER VI.

M. d' Argenson—Cartouche in Paris—Cardinal de Gévres—Robbery and loss of his pie!—Madame de Beaufremont—Impudence of Cartouche—Charlotte of Bavaria—Introduction of Sauer-Kraut into France—Death of the Duke de Berry—Death of Louis the Fourteenth—Avoidance of Milord and Milady Stairs—Parliament and the young King—An unaccountable story—Burying alive—Dissection extraordinary.

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† Although the public placed the

† Sixty or Eighty pages are here missing, which must have been the commencement of the chapter, and evidently contained the recollections of a whole

most complete reliance on the energy and ability of M. d'Argenson, as the best possible Lieutenant-general of Police, still that did not prevent there being very considerable apprehension when the facts of the impudent robbery at the Palais-Cardinal,* and the appearance of Cartouche in the midst of Paris, became known.

Many families who had not the resource of being able to take refuge at Versailles, thought of starting for their country houses, although it was in the middle of winter ;

year. It was already known that Cartouche had appeared two or three times in Paris before he was taken, and his trial lasted not less than nineteen months. Many pages will be found wanting in the course of these memoirs, but it is not supposed that the sheets of the M.S. have been lost ; it is more probable they have been destroyed from conscientious scruples, or out of respect for the feelings of the Orleans family.

* The Palais Cardinal was a handsome building forming part of the Hotel de Soubise, where the state papers are now kept. It was intended for a habitation for the Cardinals, the Bishop-princes of Strasburg, and other prelates of the house of Rohan.
---(Author's Note.)

but it was soon known that Cartouche's band lay in ambush in the outskirts of Paris, and that he himself at the head of a gang of forty or fifty men had had the audacity to plunder the Cardinal de Gèvres on his way to Bruges.

Upon examination, however, it turned out that in reality they had only taken from him the cross he wore on his breast, his pontifical ring, ten louis which were in his purse, a cock-robin pie, which he was taking to his diocese, and two flasks of Tokay, which he had won from my uncle at picquet !

I must tell you that the Cardinal de Gèvres was a great glutton ; but—he had his scruples !

He never would play for money, for fear of losing what he called, (and which was in all truth and justice) his poor people's money.

He would buy neither old wine nor new, but he never had the slightest objection to win it at cards ; so that he would play picquet for a pint of hot-house peas, or a

bottle of Schiraz, which might cost from twelve to fifteen louis.

If he had the misfortune to lose, he got out of the difficulty by paying his losses with a number of copies of his "Charges and pastoral instructions" of which he always brought fifty copies or so, beautifully bound, and with gilt edges, whenever he came to Paris.

This was an arranged thing in his family, and in society in general, which every one put up with, because he was known to be the most charitable, sincere, amiable, and—the most greedy of prelates !

The robbers would not take anything from the Abbé Cérutti, the Cardinal's secretary, as they said he was too good-looking a fellow to be robbed ; that it was a matter of conscience, and they had not the courage to do it.

"Since you evince so much regard for him," said his Eminence, "you ought to leave him half of the cock-robin pie, and a bottle of this Hungarian wine."

“So we will, by all means,” replied Cartouche, “if he will come and partake of it with us, he has only to say so.”

To this, however, the Abbé Cérutti would on no account agree ; and a scene of regrets, reproaches, and recriminations followed, of which it made one die of laughing to hear.

The Cardinal de Gèvres told us he would never travel again with this young Abbé, to avoid giving cause for scandal as one of the robbers had insinuated that he might be a young lady in disguise !

“*Téméraire et malheureux ignorant !*” exclaimed the holy prelate to him, “do you not know that that would be sacrilegious ?”

Cartouche struck the man a tremendous blow on the face which knocked him down, saying at the same time “Let that teach you to be respectful to *Nos Seigneurs du clergé !*”

I can assure you that society in those days was far more interesting and amusing than it is at the present time, for one was continually meeting with originals, male and

female, and as far as I was concerned I was surrounded by oddities.

Madame la Princesse de Conty told us one day that the Marquise de Beauffremont* distributed pass-tickets to be shown to the robbers at night, and that people were much surprised at the influence she had over Cartouche, but the secret of his handsome behaviour towards Madame de Beauffremont is as follows :

One morning she returned home at two o'clock, and when her maids had undressed

* Hélène de Courtenay, of the line of the Emperors of the East. She was the last of this house, which descended from King Louis le Gros and Queen Adelaïs of Savoy.

The genealogy of the soi-disant Courtenays of England is a badly contrived fable, as are all those pretensions to French origin upon which they wish to pride themselves in that country. Walpole used to tell me that with the exception of Lords Neville and Harcourt, there was not in the British Peerage one family, in reality of French origin, and contemporary with William the Conqueror. I have already named to you the absurd pretensions (as it appears to me) of the Seymours.--(*Author's Note.*)

her, she dismissed them that she might sit at her ease by her fireside and write. She was writing a Journal which has not been found amongst her papers, and in truth this is to be regretted, since her talents were unrivalled.

However, it happened that night that she suddenly heard, first of all, a suppressed noise in the chimney—next, clouds of soot descended, then, swallows' nests and brick and mortar came rattling down helter-skelter, and last of all, a man appeared, armed to the teeth.

As he had sent the burning log of wood and the embers into the middle of the room, the first thing he did was, to take the tongs, and methodically replace them all in the grate, at the same time jerking away with his feet some burning pieces to avoid crushing them upon the carpet; then, turning towards the Marquise, he made her a low bow.

“ May I take the liberty Madame of en-

quiring, whom I have the honour of addressing ?”

“Sir, I am Mme. de Beaufremont, but I do not know you at all ; you do not look like a thief, and as you appear to have great regard for my furniture, I cannot guess why you enter my room in this manner in the dead of the night ?”

“Madame, it was not my intention to do so ; would you have the goodness to accompany me to the door of your Hôtel ?” he continued drawing a pistol from his waist, and taking up a lighted candle.

“But sir.....”

“Madame, will you be so obliging as to make haste,” he interrupted, cocking his pistol, “we will go down together, and you will order the porter to pull the string, and let me out.”

“Pray speak lower sir,” said the unfortunate woman trembling with fright, “pray speak lower, the Marquis de Beaufremont might hear you.”

“Put on your mantle Madame, and do not stand in your dressing-gown for it is uncommonly cold!”

Well! at last it was all arranged according to his satisfaction, and Madame de Beaufremont was so overcome that she was obliged to sit down for a moment in the porter's lodge as soon as this desperate character had passed beyond the door.

She then heard a knocking at the window of the lodge which faced the street.

“Mister Porter,” said the same voice, “I am Cartouche! do you hear? I am Cartouche; I have walked one or two leagues to-night on the roofs, because the officers were in pursuit of me—do not go and suppose therefore that it was an affair of gallantry, and that I am a lover of Mme. de Beaufremont; I shall have something more to do with you, and the day after to-morrow you will hear from me by the *petite-poste*.”

Mme. de Beaufremont went upstairs immediately, and awoke her husband who maintained that she had had the night-mare,

and that it was only a horrible dream ; but two or three days afterwards she received a most respectful, and well-expressed letter of thanks, and apologies, in which was enclosed a safe-conduct for Mme. de Beaufremont, authorizing her to include in it, her family.

The letter had been preceded by a small box, containing a beautiful diamond, unset, which was valued at Madame Lempereue's, at 2000 écus.

This sum was placed by the Marquis de Beaufremont, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame, for the benefit of the sick of the Hôtel Dieu. Thus you see that every one concerned in this affair, acquitted themselves to perfection.

Madame de Maintenon again admitted me upon another occasion, into her apartments at the château de Versailles.

She made very honourable mention to me of the high estimation in which she held our family ; and when the hour was about to strike at which the King was expected, my grandmother rose to take leave of Madame

(she was always addressed in the third person) and to conduct me to the grand, écurie where I was to partake of a collation with my cousin's of Lorraine.

“Do not move, Marquise” was all that Mme. de Maintenon said ; and thus she discreetly avoided any question as to my remaining in a room where his Majesty could not fail to take notice of me.

The King arrived very soon afterwards, without any further announcement than the folding-doors being thrown open, and the entrance of a gentleman of the household, who, preceding his Majesty by three or four minutes, made a profound obeisance to Madame de Maintenon without speaking, just as they announced dinner to the King and Queen.

His Majesty had several steps to take on entering the room, and he appeared to walk with pain ; nevertheless, he made a very graceful bow to Madame de Maintenon.

“Here” she said, “is a young lady whom I have taken the liberty of detaining, in order

that I might present her to the King ; it is hardly necessary for me to mention her name."

"I conclude then," replied his Majesty "that she owes her presence here to my god-daughter ; there is a sort of spiritual parentage between Mademoiselle and myself, but we are also related in another way," he added ; and all this time he was looking at me as though he would say "you may think yourself fortunate."

"I request the King's permission for you to kiss his hand," said my grandmother, with an air of proud humility, totally free from servility or obsequiousness ; and his Majesty extended it as though he offered it for me to kiss—with the palm underneath—instead of which, he immediately closed it on taking hold of mine and deigned to raise it to his lips. *

*Here, on this very day Septide of the 3rd *décade* of the month Vendémiaire, in the year XI of the French Republic, I add these lines on my return

Nanon, the important and celebrated Nanon, came and whispered something in her mistress's ear, and thereupon Madame,* the widow of Monsieur, the King's brother, made her appearance. Mme. de Maintenon caused an arm-chair to be placed for her (having first risen to salute her), but Madame awaited it on the spot where she stood, looking as cold and cutting as the north-wind, and without making any sort of return for the civility. This Princess was dressed up something like an Amazon, in a man's cloth doublet, laced at all the seams ;

from the Tuileries, where General Bonaparte has kissed my hand. I could not help recollecting that I have received exactly the same politeness from King Louis-le-Grand, and from the first Consul of the Republic, with an interval of 95 years between the two circumstances ! Bonaparte sent word that he wished to see me, and has since promised that our forests which were sequestrated, shall be restored to us. Should strength and time be allowed me, I will write, or rather dictate, an account of this extraordinary interview.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† Charlotte of Bavaria, mother of the Regent, died in 1722.

her wig was similar to that of his Majesty, and her hat exactly the same as his, which hat was not taken off, nor even raised whilst she was bowing to us, a ceremony she got through with considerable ease.

It is as well to add that this horrible Princess, had her feet in boots, and a whip in her hand ; she was badly formed, badly set up, and evilly-disposed towards everything and everybody.

Madame de Froulay asked the King to allow her to present me to Madame, when she made me a bow *à la cavalière*, and began questioning me about the health of the grand prior de Froulay, about whom I knew exactly nothing ! so that I remained mute, with my mouth open, and Madame maintained to her dying day that I was "*plus bête qu'une carpe !*"

I must tell you that this Mother of the Regent lived on soup *à la bière* and salt beef ; she continually partook of a certain ragout made of fermented cabbage, which she had sent to her from the Palatinate and

whenever it was served, the whole quarter of the palace which she inhabited was perfectly unbearable from the smell of this noxious vegetable.

She called it "*schaucraout*," and as she wished to make every one who dined with her taste it, those who escaped had the best of it!

To make amends for my loss of Madame's delicacies, to which I had not the pretension to aspire, I went and partook of cream and fruits with Mesdemoiselles de Lorraine, whom my uncle the Grand Ecuyer had invited to see some dancing dogs dressed up as different characters, which he had provided for their especial amusement.

These two young Princesses, the prettiest creatures in the world, were then Mlles de Joinville and de Guise, since which, one became Duchesse de Bouillon, and the other was Maréchal de Richelieu's first wife. You will see hereafter that she had an only daughter, Mme. d'Egmont, who fully inherited all the virtues of her mother.

It was a few days after my return from Versailles that we heard of the death of the Duc de Berry, for whom we wore mourning the established time, which was more than his wife did.

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The King was completely overwhelmed by this dreadful discovery, and every circumstance confirms the belief, that owing to it he resolved to keep the father of this Princess, as well as all the Orleans family, separate from the person of his successor, and from all share in the government during the minority of the Dauphin, who was then only four years of age.

After the death of this last of his grandsons, the King's health visibly declined. For seven or eight months his weakness daily encreased, and on the 1st of September in the following year, he yielded up his spirit full of that hope and repentance with which he had been animated for the

last thirty-five years of his life, a period which he had spent in continued piety and in the practice of every virtue.

Vir primo imperii optimis principibus, et ultimo mediis comparandus.

You are already aware that I saw a great deal of Mesdemoiselles de Lorraine. We were resolutely determined to attend the opening of Parliament by the young King in person, and the President exerted himself to the utmost to gratify our wishes, but without success, as the Regent had ordered two places to be reserved for Milord and Milady Stairs.* We were such Jacobites that we could not endure the sight of these Orangists, and we refused to be in their company, so they placed us at the embrasure of a window, close to the *lit de justice*,*

* The Earl of Stair, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France.---(*Translator's Note.*)

* Lit de justice. (Bed of justice.) The seat or throne on which the King of France used to sit when personally present in Parliament. As the debates were enough to send His Majesty to sleep, it

and there we stood under the guardianship of two officers of parliament who watched us as closely as the duennas of Calderon or of Lope de Vega would have done.

All that I witnessed at that first sitting of the House of Peers in the new reign has often afforded me food for meditation.

The young King was carried by the Grand-Ecuyer from his carriage to the door of the House of Parliament, and there the Duc de Trismes, performing the duties of Grand-Chamberlain, received him in his arms, and carried him to the throne, at the foot of which sat one of his aunts, that is, Madame de Ventadour, His Majesty's preceptress.

She was a person admirably adapted for that situation, as she was by nature prodigi-

was right that he should be provided with a bed when listening to the speeches. Louis the Sixteenth was the last French Sovereign who assembled a Bed of Justice, which led to the Revolution; so that the saying, "as you make your bed, so you must lie!" was very pertinent to the case of that unfortunate Monarch.—*Punch*. October 1845.

ously formal, wonderfully grave, and a most determined disposition.

The King was dressed in a little plaited jacket of violet-coloured cloth with hanging sleeves ; he had on his head a little cap only, of violet-coloured crape* which seemed to be lined with cloth of gold, and he had leading strings which hung down behind to the bottom of his dress. This however, was only to mark his youth, for he was known to be able to walk alone, and could run quite well. I must tell you that his Majesty's leading-strings, which were crossed on his shoulders, were of cloth of gold, and not of the same material as his dress.

I believe Madame de Ventadour had decided that leading-strings ought to form a part of a King's dress as long as it was possible to continue them.

From his blue collar was suspended the

* It is probably known to most people that violet colour is the mourning worn by the Kings of France.—
(*Author's Note.*)

Cross of St. Louis, and of the Holy Ghost, and his beautiful brown hair, which curled naturally, fell in flowing ringlets on his shoulders. His beauty was most dazzling, and every one who has seen him will tell you that his portrait could not be flattered.

The royal child began by listening quietly, if not attentively to all the harangues, and studied speeches, the taking of oaths, and all the routine business, but we perceived that he kept his head turned to the left side and appeared to be continually watching Cardinal de Noailles, without ever having given a glance at all the Presidents and Councillors of whom he knew no more than of the Archbishop of Paris.

At length the old Maréchal de Villeroy, began to make signs to the little King with his great head and eyes, in order to induce him to look on the other side and straight before him, but his Majesty would not attend to them, and at last got out of all patience.

"Laissez moi! Laissez moi!" were the

first words uttered by King Louis XV, from the throne ! But it was not only the little voice of the King we heard—we there recognized our great fundamental law, and the high maxims of hereditary Monarchy.

But it is now time to leave the Palais de Justice, and to return to the saloons of Paris ; listen whilst I tell you a story which involves an unfathomable mystery.

The Comtesse de Saulx,* Tavannes, and Busançois had always passed for a very strange person. Her habits were wild, and her pursuits occult and mysterious. She was not suspected of having any liaison certainly, but she formed no friendships, and was neither in communication with her own relations, nor those of her husband.

She lived almost always in an old and gloomy Château, called Lux, close to Saulx-le-Duc, in Burgundy, which Château is the centre of a barony which descended from the

* Marie-Catherine d'Aguesseau, sister of the Chancellor of that name.

head of her family. Mme. de Saulx disappeared sometimes from home without the knowledge of any of her establishment ; no one having seen her go out, and no one being able to imagine what had become of her ! Then, after an absence, and a profound silence of seven or eight days, they would hear her ring the bell of her room, and would find her there just as if nothing had happened, always in the same clothes which she wore on the day that she disappeared.

The Prince de Condé, governor of the province, and M. Bouchet, *intendant* of Burgundy, used to say, that the most inquisitive and prying of the country could never see anything, nor account in any way for all they heard.

One saturday night the Comtesse de Saulx retired to her room and sent her maids to bed, saying, that she should not undress then, but would see about it later. They heard her draw the bolts of her door, and, as they retired, the two maids discussed

this circumstance, because their mistress hardly ever read or wrote ; and, moreover, there was neither a book nor writing materials in her bedroom.

“Can you understand what Madame is going to do, shut up in that old turret, all by herself ?”

“God knows!—and may He watch over her !”

I ought to tell you, that this room was in one of the turrets of the Château. It was lighted by one solitary window, closely and strongly barred ; and the vent of the chimney, according to ancient custom, was also barred with a double cross of iron.

This same room was without any closets ; it was without egress or opening of any other kind than the barred window, the barred chimney and the door, which this extraordinary person had taken the precaution to bolt. Lastly, the only apartment which led to this, was a large chamber, where an old Demoiselle d’Aguesseau slept ; to whom her niece afforded protection, be-

cause she was a sort of idiot, and, perhaps, also, because she could pay handsomely for her board !

That is a plan of the locality, and now for the state of affairs.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, they entered, as usual, this large room, where Mlle. d'Aguesseau slept, and which as I endeavoured to explain above, was a sort of passage-room, or ante-chamber. They found her lying on the floor in her night-clothes, senseless, and having in her right hand tight hold of the bell-rope, which she had pulled down.

All that they could elicit from her when she came to her senses (and they were never very strong at the best of times) was, that she had been very much frightened, and that she could remember nothing more.

They then began to tap gently at her niece's door, after which they knocked violently for a long time, but still there was no answer.

They sent for the curé, the *bailli-seigneurial*, and the chief persons of the neighbour-

hood ; who consulted, and, at last, determined upon breaking down the door, but not until having legally verified that the said door was bolted from within, whilst the key was in the lock outside the room, on the side where stood those who signed the *procès-verbal*.

The Comtesse de Saulx was never seen again. Nothing was disarranged in her room, and the bed was not even turned down. Two wax-candles, which the maid had brought the night before, and placed on a little table near an arm-chair, had been blown out in the middle of the night ; for they calculated that they could not have burnt more than two hours and a half. One of her slippers, which I have seen at her son's (it was of green velvet with a red heel) was lying on the floor near the arm-chair ; and that was all they ever found belonging to her.

It was known that her son, the Cardinal de Tavannes, had hastened to the spot, in order to institute a legal enquiry ; but it was generally supposed that the *procureur*-

général of Burgundy gave him to understand that the honour of his house might be compromised thereby ; and certain it is, that the Cardinal suddenly abandoned his intention, and hastened back to his diocese of Châlons. (He was not Archbishop of Rouen at that time.)

Some spoke of sorcery, and illicit dealings with the Bohemians ; others mentioned the Deacon Páris, and the Chevalier de Follard ; and many discussed vampirism, which, however, would not have helped to explain the mystery of how a tall woman of five feet four inches could evaporate and leave no trace behind !

It was on the lips of every one for a long time, and for this good reason, that no one knew what to say about it. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau has told me a hundred times that he knew no more of it than I did, and that it was perfectly incomprehensible.

Apropos to these ancient Counts, now become Ducs de Saulx, and more especially apropos to stories about doors, I must tell

you of a cousin of mine, Marie-Casimire de Froulay-Tessé, who was married to Charles Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, grandson to the mysterious lady above-mentioned. Marie-Casimire was buried in the vaults of the Holy Chapel of Saulx-le-Duc, on the 18th of August, 1753, two or three days after her decease. Eighteen months afterwards they had to re-open these vaults, in order to deposit therein the body of the Chevalier de Tavannes, her husband's uncle.

They were surprised at first, and then terrified at finding that there was an unaccountable resistance from within, when they attempted to open the door. By dint of force and perseverance, however, they succeeded, at length, in turning it upon its stone hinges ; they then heard an appalling noise of bones rolling down the steps from the door to the bottom of the vault ; of those who had the courage to descend, the first entangled his feet in a handkerchief ; and when they proceeded to place the body of M. de Tavannes beside that of his niece, they

found that the coffin of this ill-fated young woman had fallen on the ground, and was broken !

They then discovered to their utter horror, that she had been buried alive ! that she had had sufficient strength to burst the two coffin-lids, and that she had come forth and died of hunger at the entrance of the sepulchre, from whence her pitiable voice could not reach those who were weeping for her !

She was adored by her husband, her children, and her brothers ; and particularly so by the Maréchale de Luxembourg, who has repeatedly spoken of her to me with tears in her eyes.

There is no saying how many unfortunate people have been buried before they were dead ! the famous Boerhaave told my father that he had to combat in opinion all the Hague, with regard to a certain *grand pensionnaire*, by name Van Nollier, whom they wished to put underground, but who lived, thanks to Boerhaave, thirteen or fifteen years after that.

You had an instance of this in your family. The lady of the Connétable de Lesdiguières uttered an awful shriek, and raised herself up when they commenced opening her, in order to embalm her ; she seized the surgeon's knife with her hands, and cut her fingers nearly to the bone ; but the poor woman then fell back insensible and died, beyond mistake, two days afterwards.

When the wife of that accursed Baron de Lohesme was exhumed, whom he had buried two days before in the cemetery of St. Médard, they found that she had knocked the skin off her elbows and knees in her coffin ! In fact, burials, and particularly dissections, do not meet with the attention they deserve, when, as you will allow, they merit the very greatest.

I have met, occasionally, a certain Marquis de Gomès, de Perès, de Cortès, *y otros, y otros, y otros*, with forty names of grandmothers, and four pages of these *y otros*, (which answer to our *et cætera*) who used always to be present at the dissection of his relatives

when he was in Portugal ; and this said Marquis made them continue the operation of opening one of his uncles, regardless of the cries and entreaties of the patient, who had revived ; “ but’ said he, “ he had good reasons for the act” since on it depended his becoming heir to the Comté d’Abrantes.

My uncle de Tessé always said that these Portuguese, but especially the nobles, were creatures of another world and that in comparing them with the Spaniards, these latter would be found models of perfection and modesty !

CHAPTER VII.

The Jacobites---Milord Walsh---Dukedoms of the Earls of Perth and Melfort---Chevalier de St. Georges---A question of marriage---Suitors---Interview and choice---An awkward mistake---Eclaircissement---M. de Créquy---Visit to the Hôtel de Lesdiguières---The Duchess Margaret---Ermine---An expensive wig---The marriage of the Authoress---The Cross-Palatine---Death of the Duchess.

THE connection of the Breteuil family with the Maréchal Comte de Thomond, who was then only Viscount de Clare, brought us into frequent intercourse with the Jacobite refugees, and especially with those about the court of St. Germain, for whom the Hotel de Breteuil was the *rendez-vous* in Paris.

Their meetings took place in the drawing-room of the Marquise (on the ground-floor) and all relating to them, that reached us up stairs used to interest us warmly, but we were somewhat reserved before Madame du Châtelet, who was on the side of the Duke of Hanover, without, as a matter of course, being able to assign any reasonable motive for it ;—perhaps it was the natural consequence of her great abilities !”

I always thought that the wish of attracting the attention of Milord Georges Keith, and in the end, the wish of *driving him mad*, as she childishly termed it, had a great deal to do with her partizanship for the House of Hanover, but the Maréchal d'Ecosse showed his utter disregard of her by letting her speak on without listening, so it always ended by the beautiful Emilie being driven mad herself !

Amongst those refugees who were distinguished for their fidelity to the King their master, and for their generous devotion and

personal sacrifices was Milord Walsh.* He was the son of that brave officer in the English Royal Navy who, after the battle of

* Lord Mahon, (*Vol. iii page 550*) tells us he was acquainted at Baden with a Count Walsh whom he understood to be the descendant and representative of that gentleman. The following is Charles's letter, dated "à l'ancre dans le baie de Longhaylort, 2d Aout V. S. "Sire, j'ai reçu des services si importants de M. Antoine Walsh qu' il n'y a rien que je ne me croie obligé de faire pour lui en temoigner mon agrément. Ainsi je lui ai promis d' employer tout mon crédit auprès de V. M. pour lui obtenir le titre, de Comte d'Irlande. Il est issu d'une fort bonne famille, très en état de soutenir la dignité de ce nouveau titre, et n'a pas besoin d' autre chose. C'est la première grace que je vous demande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays. J' espère bien que ce ne sera pas la dernière, mais en tout cas, je vous supplie de me l'accorder. Je la regarderai comme une obligation particulière accordée à votre tres obeissant fils, Charles P."

The title of Earl had however been already conferred on Walsh's father by James the Second. Charles's request was not simply that Walsh should be made an Irish Earl, but that he should have the title of Earl of Ireland.

According to the "Jacobite Memoirs," edited by Robert Chambers, Charles knighted Walsh immediately after his landing, paid him 2000*l* as an indemnity and presented him with a sword, on the blade of which Charles had had engraved the words "Gratitudo Fidelitate."—(*Translator's Note.*) *Vide Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart.*

the Boyne received all the Court of England on board his ship and brought them to a French port.

To recruit his fortune, which he had sacrificed in Ireland, where of course all his property had been confiscated, Milord Walsh had established at Nantes a *bureau d'armateur*, or, as they would call it in the present day, a *maison de commerce*. From this, he realized considerable profits and it was one of the principal resources of his party. He was the guardian angel of the Pretender whom he assisted "*consilio manumque*." *

It does not enter into my plan to relate to you the ill-fated expedition of the

* James the Second conferred the title of " Lord " upon Captain Walsh as a reward for his services, at the same time that H. B. M. raised the Earls of Perth and Melfort to the dignity of Dukes at St. Germans. The Walsh's were proved to be an old and noble family of Ireland. These Milords and Messieurs Walsh ended by settling in France, and one of them, whom Louis the Fifteenth made Comte of the estates of Serrant, is now Colonel-proprietor of a regiment of his name in the Irish Brigade.

(Author's Note)

Chevalier de St. Georges to Scotland.† A few months afterwards he retired to the Roman States, where he passed the remainder of his life, and there I had the honour of paying my court to him in the year 1721.

My Father, in conjunction with the Marquis de Breteuil, arranged the preliminaries of the Prince's marriage with the granddaughter of the great Sobieski. We shall find them again at Rome, and you will see how nearly the Princess Marie-Casimire Sobieski, sister of the Pretender, became the wife of the Duc de Créquy before she married your great-uncle the Duc de Bouillon.

One day my grandmother de Froulay said to me,

“*Mon petit cœur*, there appears to be some idea of arranging a marriage for you,”

† “The Pope lent a kind of religious consecration to the enterprise, bestowing on the young Prince the title of “*Chevalier de St. Georges*.”—*Vide Jesse's History of Pretenders. (Translator's Note.)*

and then she suddenly turned the conversation without having looked at me. I felt myself getting red, so I was grateful for the delicate attention.

The next day my father came to see me.

“My child,” said he, “a proposal of marriage has been made for you which seems to me to be in every respect suitable ; I beg you to listen to what your aunt will say to you on the subject.”

That is every word my father uttered respecting it !

My aunt (the Baroness) asked me two days afterwards if I had never remarked the Marquis de Laval-Boisdauphin.

“He would have no objection to marry you,” she said with an air of the most perfect indifference in his cause.

“I should be inconsolable !” was my answer.

“I cannot find fault with you for that,” she replied, “therefore you may rely on my not naming it to you again ;—but you have another suitor whom you have never seen—

your grandmother thought you might meet without any embarrassment in a parlour at the Abbaye de Panthemont. It is a young man of very high birth ; he has become the head of his family, and for further information you have only to open the history of the great officers of the Crown, to learn who the De Créquys are.”

“ Oh, my dear annt, I know all about this grand genealogy ! It is a name that is like the sound of a clarion to my ears—a glorious family, and, if I recollect rightly, the only one of all Europe which is mentioned in a record of Charlemagne. From it have sprung Cardinals and Marshals ! there have been Dukes of Créquy, Lesdiguières, De Retz and de Beaupréau ; Princes of Montlaur, de Blanchefort and de Poix—but how is it that this one is not a Duke ?”

“ Apparently, because they do not seem to care about it ; since the late creations every one allows that titles are worth nothing.”

The divine Emilie here entered unexpectedly to see her mother, who raised her finger to her lips and we were silent. “ *Ma*

toute belle," said my grandmother to me "put on your new dress *de dauphine à bouquets* to-morrow, and be ready by eleven o'clock precisely ; I should wish you also to place *pompons* in your hair, so I am going to send you some dark purple and dark green ; we will pay a visit to Mesdames de Panthemont, to whom I promised to take you when I was able. *Bon soir, ma reine !*"

"Will you take me also, my dear aunt?"

It was Mlle. de Preuilly who made the request, and my grandmother hesitated for the space of a minute.

"Most assuredly *ma charmante*. I have no objection," she then answered, and her air of annoyance gave me matter for reflection on the important and mysterious intention of this visit.

The Dowager Marchioness always thought it proper to adhere to old customs ; her first marriage interview with my grandfather took place through the grating at Belle-chasse. It was therefore befitting, it was indispensable, in her eyes, to treat with Monsieur de Crèquy as though I had not yet quitted my convent.

Here we were then at Panthemont, in the middle of the cloister, by virtue of the permission of Cardinal de Noailles, and we began by paying visits to the lady Abbess, the *coadjutrice*, the Prioress, and to Madame Guyon, who was there by a *lettre de cachet*.

The Prioress was Mme. de Créquy Lesdiguières. It had been arranged that her cousin (Monsieur de Créquy) should ask to see her in the parlour, whilst the Duchesse de Valentinois, who lived opposite the Abbey, should call upon us there at the same time.

When we entered, we found the Marquis holding a conference with his Nun at the other end of the same grating ; he merely made us a low bow. His appearance was very noble, and he looked towards us several times, but with so perfectly unconcerned an air that Mlle. de Preuilly suspected nothing.

One glance was sufficient to satisfy me and my decision was made. He only waited, according to custom, until we were gone, but it so happened that my intended had mistaken Mlle. de Preuilly for Mlle. de

Froulay—taking me, in fact, for my cousin Emilie. This damped his ardour and delayed the negotiations, so much so, that it became doubtful whether the marriage would take place at all.

I was very much grieved ; (why should I not allow this to my grandson, since I so frequently avowed it to his grandfather ?)

“ I would rather marry Mlle. de Breteuil,” said he to M. de Laon ; “ her cousin looks like nothing but a tomboy ! I must beg of you to name this to M. de Rennes in confidence, that he may report it to the Baron de Breteuil. I am quite aware what I lose in point of fortune, and nobility for my children, but I must have it in my power to love my wife thoroughly ! Mlle. de Breteuil is charming, and Mlle. de Froulay I cannot endure !”

(We have often, since, laughed heartily at this.)

M. l'évêque-duc de Laon could not understand it, but the Baronne de Breteuil saw through the mistake immediately, and ex-

plained it to him in a proper and satisfactory manner.

“ But you will allow that it was all M. de Créquy’s fault !” my grandmother used to say, and these words she was in the habit of repeating for fifteen years—to the end of her life in fact—and M. de Créquy never disagreed with her.

When I first began writing to you, I fancied that I could not refrain from telling you every circumstance relating to M. de Créquy ; I am become old and withered, but my heart is not so my child ! behold how it still bounds when I think of your grandsire, to whom I am indebted for so many years of peaceful happiness ; but my tears blind me when I recall him to my thoughts to produce him before you, endowed as he then was, with all the charms of youth.

I had not the good fortune to die first, and my grief is renewed to that extent that I can no longer speak of him to you—moreover the portrait I should draw of him would never satisfy me, and I might incur the charge

of partiality ; you will learn to know your grandfather in reading the memoirs of his widow. The facts will speak for themselves more eloquently than I have done.

After seven or eight months of talking, conferences, and other preliminaries, which my relations thought were positively necessary, it was decided that we should go and pay a visit to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, inasmuch as she was the Dowager and principal survivor of the eldest branch of the house of De Créquy.

Marguerite de Gondi, Duchesse de Créquy-Lesdiguières was Duchesse de Retz, and de Beaupréau. Since the death of her amiable son, and that of the Archbishop of Paris, M. Harlay, this famous Duchess had never gone beyond the grounds of her grand palace ; the Chapel is still open to the public, and the gardens were of immense extent ; the timber-yards of the arsenal occupy at present the greatest part.

One room for instance, of this more than regal abode, had hangings of cloth of gold ;

worked in arabesques of mother-of-pearl and coral, so you may form an idea of the rest of the furniture. To tell you here of the valuable pictures and the rich draperies, the vases and the girandoles of rock-crystal—the quantity of Buhl, antique bronzes, rare marbles, jewels of inestimable value and profusion of trinkets, would be, to copy some old memorial of the Louvre or catalogue of the Vatican.

I must tell you that refreshments were served to us on gold-enamelled plates bordered with fine pearls, split, as we see them set round watches or in the medallions of collars.

The Maréchal de Richelieu always said that the Duc de Lesdiguières was the last *Grand Seigneur* that would be seen in France. He never went to Court without a retinue of sixty gentlemen—he never refused a poor person, and never gave a beggar less than a pistole!

This beautiful Duchess had retained her beauty unimpaired, and I never saw any other person so distinguished by nature in person,

grace, and physiognomy, added to the most elegant simplicity of manner. There remained in all her movements an air of pre-occupation and restraint over her feelings, with a sort of *nonchaloir* and graceful apathy towards all that surrounded her. One could see that the great business of her life had not been to shine with outward display or to dazzle indifferent eyes—you could perceive no trace, no spark of vain pretension in the midst of such an array of splendour.

But she had been born in magnificence—she had lived in it—and it having thus become habitual, it now failed to attract her notice. Since the death of the only two beings whom she loved, the world had become less than nothing to her, though that did not check the current of her benevolence, nor prevent her keeping up the polished forms of society.

She preceded us as far as a sort of throne-room filled with *écuyers*, pages, and other gentlemen belonging to her, all dressed in handsome mourning, as well as their mistress,

on account of the King's death ; for the innovations of the Duchesse de Berry had not penetrated the gilded and emblazoned gratings of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières.

In her own apartments she was waited on by young ladies, who were in great numbers, and who had been, for the most part, former *pensionnaires* of St. Cyr. When we had seated ourselves in her room, M. de Créquy made me a little sign with his eyes to look at the portrait of a young man, who appeared to me to be the handsomest in the world ; and this picture, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mignard, was the only one in the room.

As my eyes reverted to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, she smiled upon me with an air of mournful resignation. The mother's feelings had been awakened and I understood them.*

I remember that the carpet in this beauti-

* This picture is no longer in existence. It was destroyed when Conflans was pillaged and ransacked in July, 1830.—(Note of French Editor.)

ful room was of grey velvet bordered with gold fringe, but that part which was then called "*tapis-de-milieu*," was made of real ermine, and, valuing it at what a ducal mantle costs, my uncle de Breteuil estimated its worth at ninety thousand livres.

Apropos of ermine, let me tell you that the animal becomes very scarce, so it will be well for you to be provident of the material. An ermine mantle never costs us less than five or six hundred louis; the creature itself is very small, therefore you must take care to write to our Ambassador at Constantinople that he may give his orders in Armenia several years before a coronation of our kings. The coronation of Louis XV was delayed three or four years in consequence of the Duc de Bourbon, his prime minister, having neglected this precaution.

In former times, the requirements of fashion were not a whit less expensive than certain obligations of rank and ceremony. I have heard Mme. de Coulanges say that in Burgundy she had expended more than eight

thousand francs in one year alone, to furnish light hair for the Duc de Berry ! and every one knew that the Regent used to pay one hundred and fifty louis for each of his wigs.

On Thursday, in Easter week we were married with great pomp in the Chapel of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, by the Cardinal de Rohan-Soubise, to whom the Cardinal de Gèvres-Luxembourg insisted on acting as assistant, which was considered an unprecedented honour.

As a great distinction we had been allowed to have the Cross-Palatine at our wedding. My grandmother had been engaged a fortnight beforehand in soliciting the Cardinal de Noailles to lend it to us, because she said it was sure to bring us luck, and this the Cardinal did not deny ; but the conscientious scruples of the Prelate ran counter to his kinder feelings, and he was divided between obliging us, and acting up to the letter of his duty.

“ But,” said my grandmother to him, “ is it possible to do enough for Monsieur

de Créquy, the last of his family?" and that decided his Eminence to send us the Cross-Palatine, accompanied by six Canons of Notre Dame, who were not to lose sight of it.

They arrived at the chapel to the noise of drums with an escort of forty grenadiers of the *Gardes-françaises*; the troops all presented arms as the Cross was carried past under a canopy from the Archbishop's palace to the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, and the people followed in procession. The Leyden Gazette was full of it for more than three months, and for an account of the rest of the ceremonies and fêtes at our wedding, you must consult the supplement of the "*Mercur de France*." *

* The Cross-Palatine was left as a legacy to the Church of Notre Dame by the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had caused all the sanctuaries of Europe to be opened to form this reliquary. It was made of gold, in the shape of a Latin Cross and magnificently ornamented with precious stones. It disappeared during the Revolution of July.—(*Note by French Editor.*)

We went and established ourselves under the chaperonage of my grandmother at the Hôtel de Crèquy-Canaples, rue de Grenelle, where the Duchesse Marguerite had paid me the compliment of herself arranging our apartments. The hangings and the furniture were of cloth of gold covered with vine-leaves in crimson velvet; but that was a small portion only of her wedding present, for she had placed in my jewel-case diamonds worth about a hundred thousand *écus*. All the family jewels were delivered to us at her death, which took place unexpectedly two months afterwards of dropsy.

It was eleven years since she had left her apartment when she quitted it for her grave, in the fifty-second year, only, of her age.

M. de Créquy accompanied the funeral as far as Blanchefort, where she had wished to be buried in the same chapel with her son and Francois de Blanchefort, of blessed memory. My feelings for the Duchess were

what M. de Créquy called “ *un attrait miséricordieux* ;” your grandfather had a strong and sincere affection for her, and I have always regretted that our acquaintance was not of longer duration.

CHAPTER VIII.

Duchess de Berry, daughter of the Regent—Her treatment of the Clergy—Sacraments refused—Her death—Her surviving sisters—Gardens of the Luxembourg—A fine lady—Comte de Horn—Origin of the Regent's animosity towards him—The Horn family—Melancholy story—The Count in trouble—Exertions of his friends—Petition of his noble relatives.

THE next two years of my life glided by in all the charm of serenity, the consequence of a mind at ease ; our happiness would have been complete but for the abominable misgovernment of the Regency and the dreadful enormities of the Duchesse de Berry. It was really quite humiliating for

the Royal Family of France, and made all respectable people miserable.

This horrible woman was the plague-spot of our existence. She had burnt up her inside by the abuse of strong liquors till at last she fell ill, and when her danger became manifest, the Curé of St. Sulpice, (the famous Languet de Gerzy) presented himself at the Luxembourg to offer his services in fulfilment of his duties as pastor.

Madame de M—— gave him an impertinent answer ; she said that she should not announce him to the Duchesse de Berry, as she was quite sure that Princess would not receive him ; he could gain nothing more from this creature, and he then sorrowfully declared that he should be obliged to forbid the administration of the sacrament to the sick person, after which the good Curé made his way towards the Palais-Royal, when the Duke of Orleans admitted him instantly to his cabinet.

After half an hour's painful conference, one of the Prince's carriages was seen to

leave the Orleans' stables in the direction of the Archbishop's palace to fetch the Cardinal de Noailles, whom the Regent begged to come to the Palais Royal without delay. The Cardinal arrived in his own carriage, because the Orleans' arms were on the other, and this gave sovereign displeasure to M. de Ségur, Master of the robes to H. R. H. who was the bearer of the message.

The interview lasted a long time ; all the ministers, councillors and courtiers of the Palais-Royal awaited the result in a gallery adjoining the Cabinet of the Prince ; at length the door opens—the Cardinal crosses the threshold—and then, before every one assembled, and close to the Regent, who seemed in a state of consternation, he addressed to the Abbè de Gerzy the following sentence word for word.

“ M. le Curé, in virtue of my authority as Archbishop of Paris, and as your ecclesiastical superior, I forbid you to administer, to cause to be administered, or to allow to be administered to the Duchesse de Berry,

the sacraments of the church, unless the Comte de Riom, and the Vicomtesse de M—— shall have quitted the Luxembourg, and shall have been dismissed by order of that Princess.”

But all this time the Duchesse was dying, and imperiously demanded to receive the unctions with the holy Viaticum ; their refusal maddened her to desperation—she broke or tore everything that came within her reach ! she bit her hands—and her pages, guards, and even her footmen at the other end of her apartments, heard her screams and imprecations of frantic rage and fury.

The wretched Duke of Orleans, who idolized her alas ! and who feared that they might deny her a christian burial, and such an one as became a Princess, sent off M. de Ségur to the Archbishop's palace, and to the Presbytery of St. Sulpice to request the Cardinal and M. de Gerzy to come to the Luxembourg where the Regent awaited them with terror on his countenance and in his inmost soul.

When the three arrived and met, they were all positively and pertinaciously refused admittance by the Princess! She would not even see her father, who remained transfixed at the door of her room, and shed tears when he heard her call out that it was cowardly and infamous of him to annoy her, for the sake of pleasing some bigots, whom she was going to order to be thrown out of the windows!—The Regent returned home in despair.

Youth and a strong constitution retarded the death of the Duchesse de Berry however, for five or six weeks. As she felt assured she would never be permitted to marry M. de Riom secretly, she knew that she risked nothing by insisting on it with her father and at last the Regent became enraged!—He sent off his daughter's favorite and their confidant; the one to the frontiers of Spain to Marshal Berwick's army, and the other with permission to return to her home, and get herself buffeted by her husband, which was sure to happen, for no convent would

receive Madame de M——. Not that she could not afford to pay handsomely for her maintenance, for she had amassed at the expense of the Duchesse de Berry, and by collusion with M. de Riom, an income of about 80,000 livres, levied on different provincial estates, on the clergy of France, and on the Hotel de Ville.

To ensure their gains, no hungry dogs, nor devouring wolves could be more greedy in quest of prey, than they were.

Marie-Louise d'Orleans died on the 22nd of July 1719, at the Pavilion de la Muette, and I believe, all things considered, that the Regent thought himself fortunate when the Monks of St. Denys did not refuse her interment in the royal vaults.

Of the four daughters who remained to the Duc d'Orleans, one became Duchesse de Modena; another was Queen of Spain and became a widow almost as soon as married. Her habits were so depraved that she was sent back at last as a worthless and wicked mad-cap, which in fact she was.

Next came the Abbess de Chelles, and then Mlle. de Beaujolais who died of a broken heart. I have not thought it necessary to mention here the Princesse de Conty because she was in leading-strings at the time of her eldest sister's decease.

Immediately after the death of the Duchesse de Berry, the gardens of the Luxembourg were re-opened for the enjoyment of the public at Paris, this Princess having had the gates walled up, and there one fine afternoon M. de Crèquy took me with my grandmother and Mlles. de Breteuil.

We obtained chairs from the gate-keepers, having asked them to bring us some, and when we were seated we saw a handsome person approaching, elegantly attired in deep mourning, with a dress trimmed with black feathers, and rows of jet mixed with bronzed steel, which had a most rich and brilliant appearance. She was surrounded by a swarm of gallants, abbès, musqueteers, and pages, but marching before them all was a young and handsome German Prince whose

hand she held. (You will soon hear the sad and remarkable adventure of this ill-fated stranger, whose name was Comte Antoine de Horn.)

The servant who carried the train of this fine lady was in a crimson and silver livery, and she came and installed herself with all her young flutterers, close by our side, on velvet chairs and benches fringed with gold, which a *garçon rouge* of the house of Orleans kept for her. She walked past us without bowing, my grandmother and M. de Crèquy appearing not to notice her, but this did not prevent my cousins and myself staring at her with all our might.

"Pray tell me who she is!" said I to M. de Crèquy,

"It is a woman of rank," replied he coldly and aloud, "whose name one does not dare to mention before her relations!"

There was a dead silence, and then the fine lady said to one of her young people who had just whispered something in her ear,

“ I really think that is Monsieur Paintendre !”

These words she uttered smiling ironically, and impertinently looking M. de Crèquy full in the face. Now I must tell you that this M. Paintendre was an *écuyer* of the Duc de Chartres, and was actually something like my husband, a resemblance of which that person was very vain, whilst your grandfather's annoyance was so great, it was amusing to witness it. Thus, the malicious woman had touched a tender chord in a vulnerable part.

“ Eh ! *bonjour* Marquis de Crèquy !—*bonjour mon cousin* !” exclaimed this Comte Antoine in a very off-hand manner. The Marquis bowed without answering ; and Madame de Froulay said to me with a disdainful toss of her head ;—

“ It is your Aunt de Parabère !—let us change our places !”

I have never met her any where else, save once in the vestry of Notre Dame, to be

present at a strange ceremony, which I will tell you of further on.

The *Marquise de Parabère Marie-Madeleine-Olympe-Henriette, du Cosquaër des ducs de la Vieuville*, had made herself so notorious during the regency, that her husband's family refused to bear the same name. Her old husband, César de Baudéan, Marquise de Parabère, left her a widow in 1716.

I have already mentioned to you that my Aunt de Breteuil had married M. de la Vieuville, who was the father of this Marquise ; but her conduct so completely banished her from good society, that my aunt never even returned her bows.

“Officers of the guards and light-horse—that is quite ridiculous enough!—and counsellors ?.....one can even imagine that, but *laquais* or Princes of the blood!—it is too unpardonable!” exclaimed the Duchess de la Ferté to us once.

There was a story told of the Regent having surprised her shut up in a room with

this same Comte de Horn. "*Sortez Monsieur !*" said he. in a disdainful tone.

"Our ancestors would have said "*Sortons*," replied the lover, with incredible assurance, and from that moment his destruction was determined on. *

The Princes de Horn and d'Ovérique, Sovereign-Counts of Haute-Kerke, and hereditary grand-huntsmen of the empire, were undoubtedly one of the most ancient and influential families of European nobility.

In 1720 the house of Horn comprised the reigning Prince Maximilian-Emmanuel, at that time about four-and-twenty years of age ; a sister, a *chanoinesse* at the Abbey de Thorn, and the *grand-forestier* of Flanders and Artois who, in a fit of insanity, had killed his wife Agnès de Créquy. It is as

* Voltaire repeated to me one day a similar answer of which he had just heard, only it was said to have been made by the Comte de Chabot to the Prince de Conty—"My dear Voltaire," I replied, "there was once an old Jew whose name was Solomon, who said, 'There is nothing new under the sun !'"—(*Author's Note.*)

well to add here that the mother of these young people was a Princesse de Ligne ; her father had been deranged, and her brother in confinement from the same cause. Their last grandmothers were the des Croüy, d'Egmont, Créquy and Montmorency ; Princesses of Bavaria, Lorraine, Gonzague, Luxembourg and Nassau ; the beauty of their quarterings was unequalled.

The Prince de Horn was a remarkably well-conducted young man, and lived in a manner suitable to his rank in the low countries, residing entirely in his Comté de Baussigny.

The Comté de Horn began by entering the Austrian service ; he was reproached with having been wanting in respect to Prince Louis of Baden, general of the armies of the empire, to whose brother he had also given some cause of dissatisfaction and by the latter he was placed under arrest in his old castle of Wert in the *pays* de Horn. The grandson of the famous Jean de Wert was the governor of this fortress, and his

ill-treatment so exasperated his young prisoner that he fell into a state of continual fury and complete aberration of intellect ; he was confined in the same cell in which Jean de Horn, stadtholder of Guelders had imprisoned his father, and this furnished Rembrandt with the subject of that admirable picture which Madame had brought from Germany, and which is now to be seen in the Orleans' collection.

After six months of rigorous captivity, he found means to escape from the Castle of Wert after having knocked down two of his goalers with a bottle ; he committed all sorts of extraordinary acts, and finally presented himself before his brother at Baussigny looking like a spectre.

The Prince de Horn, from whom the governor of Wert had concealed everything relating to the state of the young Count, and the ill-treatment of which he had been the object, welcomed the unfortunate youth with the tenderest compassion ; he placed him in his own private apartments, and three

servants sat up and watched him carefully day and night. The eldest brother instantly dismissed the stadtholder of Wert whose brutal conduct had brought on the Count's illness, and when the stadtholder heard this he incited the peasants for five or six leagues round to revolt that he might still maintain his government. For this he was put under the ban of the empire, and he died shut up in the castle of Horn-op-zee. Had it not been for his grandfather's memory he would have been hanged a hundred times over.

The Princess de Salm-Kirbourg, was a relation of yours and my intimate friend ; she was the eldest daughter of this same Prince de Horn, and from her I received these particulars, with most of those which follow.

Kindness and gentle treatment, proper regimen, and especially the marks of affection he received from his brother, produced the most beneficial results on Count Antoine ; he ended by recovering his reason, but the least contradiction irritated him ; violence

was always lurking in his constitution, and therefore his family never ceased to treat him with the most soothing and assiduous attention.

It was in this state of mind that he escaped from the Low-Countries, and came to Paris where he had to arrange money matters relating to his share of the property of the Princess d'Epinaÿ.

He lost no time in calling on your grandfather, who received him very politely but he would not introduce him to me because he had not brought any letters from his elder brother. Our brothers and our husbands were very fond of him; they gave him the prettiest suppers in the world in their apartments, and took him to their boxes at all the theatres, but we never met him except at church, where he regularly repaired to see us come out, and to have people he did not know pointed out and named to him.

It was impossible for us not to remark him amongst the crowd that lined our passage, on account of his appearance. He was

perfectly handsome although somewhat pale; his eyes were bright as fire, so much so that we could hardly bear the glare of them. It was known that there was a full understanding between himself and Mesdames de Parabère and de Lussan, de Plencœuf and de Prie, and this gave rise to much charitable and *disinterested* regret, which used highly to amuse Monsieur de Créquy.

As this fine handsome young man sometimes disguised himself when he went out at night, the press-gangs for the Mississippi * had already seized him several times to send him off towards Havre-de-Grace; one would have said that they laid in wait for him in particular, and as he had once been ill-treated at the dépôt, or wherever these

* The following passage from Lord Mahon's "History of England from the peace of Utrecht," may be found explanatory of this sentence :—" John Law, a Scotch adventurer, had some years before been allowed to establish a public bank in that city, (Paris) and his project succeeding, he engrafted another upon it of an " Indian Company," to have the sole privilege of trade with the Mississippi."—*Vol ii. Chap. xi. (Translator's Note.)*

press-gangs met, your grandfather went and complained to the former *garde-des-sceaux*, who, although he had retired from office, had just as much influence and authority as ever. M. d' Argenson's answer was mysterious.

"Do not you interfere, except it be to make him leave Paris ; I know nothing, and I can do nothing ; but if he do not go, he is lost. I can say no more."

It was Passion week—I shall never forget it!—when they came and informed M. de Créquy that the Count Antoine had been for the last four-and-twenty hours in the *conciergerie* of the Palace, and that he would probably be brought before *La Tournelle* on a charge of murder.

We were informed that the accusation set forth, that the Comte de Horn had stabbed, in the Rue Quincampoix a stock-jobber and broker of Law's bank ;* he was

* John Law was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh ; he was obliged to fly from Great Britain

a Jew and a money-lender—in short, we could make nothing at all of the story.

Your grandfather, who had been pondering over the words of M. Argenson, now hastened to assemble at the Hôtel de Créquy all the relations and friends of the house of Horn ; a deputation of them waited on the chief-president de Mesmes, when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the Jew was dead and that the Comte de Horn had confessed to having stabbed him with a knife.

Great excitement prevailed, and it was debated whether they should not first of all communicate everything to the Regent, but this plan was not adopted. It was decided that they ought to begin by petitioning the magistrates, taking care to make them acquainted with the extraction, malady, and

and took refuge in france ; he gained the confidence of the Duke of Orleans and instituted a bank, founded on excellent principles of self-aggrandisement. He afterwards became Comptroller-General, was deservedly detested, dismissed, and died in poverty at Venice.—(*Translator's Note.*)

character, of the Comte de Horn, as well as the melancholy occurrences of his former life.

The evening before his trial we presented ourselves in a body as relatives of the accused to the number of fifty seven persons of considerable distinction, in the long corridor of the palace which led to the court of justice called *La Tournelle*, and this we did that we might bow to the judges as they passed.

I felt very sad ; every one else entertained sanguine hopes, with the exception of Mme. de Beaufremont, and she also was gifted with second sight (as they call it in Scotland) therefore we both had presentiments of coming ill, with an awful sickness at heart.

The result of the examination was, that the Comte de Horn had entrusted eighty-eight thousand livres in bank-notes, to this usurer, who denied having received them, and after behaving brutally to his noble and fiery creditor, even gave him a blow on the face. This scene took place in a room at a

tavern, which the Count had entered to seek this stockjobber, and there, in a transport of rage, he seized a kitchen knife which was on the table and wounded the man slightly in the shoulder. A Piedmontese, whose name was the Chevalier de Milhe, brother to one of the Princesse de Carignan's *écuyers*, then despatched the Jew with a poniard, after which he possessed himself of his pocket-book, having begged the Comte de Horn in vain, to take charge of it, that they might divide the contents, and thus repay themselves in proportion, as each had lost through the roguery of the money-lender.

Such is the whole story, as it was proved in evidence at the examination. I know that our version of it differed from that of the Regent and the Abbé Dubois ; but you will allow that that is no reason why it should be less accurate or less true. The Comte de Horn had certainly rendered himself liable to punishment, and De Milhe was well deserving of death ; but this did not prevent M. Law and M. Dubois, the natural pro-

tectors of the stock-jobbers and sharpers of the Rue Quincampoix (the head quarters of the system) from making use of the most singularly odious means of obtaining from *La Tournelle*, an iniquitous, execrable, and atrocious sentence! They made no allowance for the sums of money of which this unfortunate stranger had been robbed, nor for the provocation of a blow in the face; they never considered that he was scarcely recovered from a fit of temporary derangement, and that the blow he had inflicted was too slight to have caused death;—lastly, that he had never, until then, seen or known this Piedmontese murderer, and that he had resolutely refused, not only to open but, even to touch the pocket-book.

To be broken on the wheel!.....I cannot think of it, even at the present moment without horror of the Regent!

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, we put on mourning and assembled in the same numbers and in the same place as on the preceding day. They consulted for

about an hour

..... (*a blank of twenty pages*)

we took up our position in the *salle des gardes* and had the following petition presented to the Regent, the prayer of which was, to obtain at least a commutation of the ignominious punishment of the wheel, for that of imprisonment for life ;

.....
.....

.....The following is a copy of our petition, with a list of those who were allowed to sign it as relatives of the house of Horn. It was in every respect embarrassing for us, not less on account of the rejection or admission of signatures than in the difficulty of drawing up a petition in the name of a foreign Prince.

Your grandfather was besieged with requests (made from motives of vanity) to be allowed to be enrolled among the number of relations, all of which he prudently referred

to the decision of the Prince de Ligne. (The Maréchal de Villaroy was inconsolable at not being included in the convocations at the Hôtel de Créquy!)

PETITION OF THE RELATIONS OF THE PRINCE DE HORN AND THE COMTE DE HORN TO THE REGENT.

“Monseigneur,

“The faithful subjects of His Majesty, whose names are here subscribed, have the honor humbly to set forth to your Royal Highness :

FIRSTLY,

“That Count Amboise de Horn, *grand-forestier* of Flanders and Artois, has been deprived of reason and liberty for seventeen years ! It is well known that in a fit of madness he caused the death of Madame Agnès-Brigitte de Créquy, his wife, yet the sovereign-courts of Flanders and Brabant did not consider himself amenable to any

“ other law save that of interdiction. It
“ appears by affidavits herewith enclosed,
“ firstly, that the said *seigneur-comte* obsti-
“ nately refused, whilst at the *Château de*
“ *Loozen*, to partake of any nourishment but
“ raw flesh ; secondly, that he reserved his
“ daily ration of wine until it amounted to
“ a quantity sufficient to intoxicate him ;—
“ 3rdly, that he wounded himself on the
“ 4th day of April 1712 by means of an
“ iron hook which he attempted to drive
“ into his neck, and that he lost a great
“ quantity of blood, by which his life was
“ endangered ;—4thly. that having found
“ means to escape from the aforesaid *Château*
“ *de Loozen*, he met on the road two Capucin
“ monks of Ruremonde, and that he made a
“ most furious attack upon them declaring
“ that they must renounce their God. He
“ was armed with two brace of loaded
“ pistols, which he had taken from some
“ of the travellers. One of the monks,
“ mortally terrified at the unfortunate Count’s
“ violence, was weak enough to pronounce

“ some words of apostacy which his fears
“ supplied, whereupon the Count blew out
“ his brains, telling him that he was a
“ wretched apostate whom it was right to
“ send to the Devil. The other monk who
“ had remained firm was shot all the same
“ with another pistol, the madman saying
“ that he would make him a martyr to his
“ fate, and send him straight to Paradise.

SECONDLY,

“ That Prince Ferdinand de Ligne and
“ d’Amblise, Major-General in the Imperial
“ army, is under the guardianship of the
“ Prince his brother, as having been legally
“ declared of unsound mind since the year
“ 1717.

THIRDLY,

“ That the father of the late Princesse de
“ Horn and d’Ovérique had lost the use of
“ his reason for about three years before
“ his death.

FOURTHLY,

“ That Count Antoine Joseph de Horn
“ and du Saint Empire, is the legitimate
“ younger son of Philip the Fifth, and of his
“ wife Antoinette Princesse de Ligne, in
“ regular descent to the reigning Prince of
“ Horn and d’Overique, Sovereign Count of
“ Baussigny, of Hautekerke and de Bailleul,
“ Stadtholder of Guelders, and Prince and
“ hereditary grand huntsman of the first
“ class, &c. ; that he has been attacked by
“ a malady recognized by the Brabant doctors
“ as well as by the judicial authorities of
“ the Austrian Low Countries, as bearing
“ all the features of mental aberration, as
“ it appears by the documents annexed to
“ this prayer of the petitioners.

FIFTHLY,

“ That if the undersigned forbear enter-
“ ing upon any discussion of the ground of
“ the charges, or the formality of the arrest
“ of the said Count Antoine, it is entirely from
“ feelings of deference, without any regard

“ to the trial, and they reserve to themselves
“ all reasonable means for obtaining justice
“ for their aforesaid relation.

“ For these reasons, May it please your
“ Royal Highness to obtain from the King,
“ our Sovereign Lord”—(all the rest of the
Petition is in the customary phraseology
which I have not copied, but I have men-
tioned all the substance of it.) “ We are,
“ with respect, your Royal Highness’ very
“ humble and most obedient servants,

Claude, Prince de Ligne.

Jean de Croy, Duc de Havré.

Anne-Leon de Montmorency.

Joseph de Mailly, Marquis d’Harcourt.

Louis, Sire et Marquis de Créquy.

Procopé, comte d’Egmont, Duc de Guel-
dres et de Clèves.

† L’Archevêque et Prince D’Embrun.

Joseph de Lorraine, Prince de Guise.

Charles, Duc de la Trémouille and Prince
de Tarente.

Charles de Lorraine, Prince de Montlaur.

† L’Archevêque Duc de Rheims.

Charles de Lorraine, Sire de Pons.

Guy Charbot, Comte de Jarnac.

Charles Roger, Prince de Courtenay.

Anne de la Tremouille, Comte de Taillebourg.

René de Froulay, Maréchal comte de Tessé.

+ Le Cardinal de Gèvres-Luxembourg.

Antoine de la Trémouille, Duc de Noirmontier.

Louis de Rohan, Prince de Soubise et d'Epinoÿ.

Antoine-Nompar de Caumont, Duc de Lauzun.

Louis de Beaufremont, Marquis et Comte de Listenois.

Emmanuel-Théodose de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, d'Albret et de Chateaufort-Thierry.

Hugues de Crèquy, Vidame de Tournay.

+ Armand-Gastron, Cardinal de Rohan.

+ Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Abbé-général de Cîteaux.

Louis de Mailly, Marquis de Nesle.

Henri Nompar de Caumont, Duc de la Force.

Louis de Rougè, Marquis du Plessis-Bellièvre.

† François de Lorraine, Evêque et comte de Bayeux.

H. de Gontaut-Biron. (for my father, who was ill.)

Charles de Rohan, Prince de Guéméné.

Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Busset.

Emmanuel de Bavière.

Louis, Duc de Rohan-Chabot.

Paul de Montmorency, Duc de Chastillon.

Just de Wassenaer, Burggrave de Leyde.

Claire-Eugénie de Horn, Comtesse de Montmorency-Logny.

Marie de Crèquy, Princesse de Croy.

Charlotte de Savoy.

Eléonore de Nassau, Landgrave de Hesse.

Henriette de Durfort-Duras, Comtesse d'Egmont.

Victoire de Froulay, Marquise de Crèquy.

Charlotte de Lorraine d'Armagnac.

Geneviève de Bretagne, Princesse de Courtenay.

Marie-Thérèse de Montmorency, Comtesse de Dreux de Nancre.

Hélène de Courtenay, Marquise de Beaufremont.

Marie de Gouffier, Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset.

+ Blanche de Lusignan, Abbess of St. Pierre.

Charlotte de Mailly, Princesse de Nassau.

Marie Sobieska, Duchess of Bouillon, d'Albret, &c.

Françoise de Noailles, Princesse de Lorraine.

Marie de Créquy, Comtesse de Jarnac.

Marguerite de Ligne et d'Areberg, Marquise Douairière de Berg-op-Zoom.

Elizabeth de Gonzague, Duchesse de Mirande.

La Princess Olympie de Gonzague.

Marie de Champagne, Comtesse de Choiseul.

Anne du Guesclin, Douairière de Goyon.

It had been decided that every one should sign this petition as they arrived at M. de Créquy's, without regard to the rights or

pretensions of precedence, and when it became known that the list was composed of all the most ancient and illustrious names, a considerable number of people were much annoyed at not finding their own included therein ; sulky looks and angry words without end, and even quarrels ensued in consequence, for, fifty years after this, the Duchesse de Mazarin was still complaining of an affront which she said her father had received from M. de Créquy. I could not imagine what this could be, until at last I discovered that it was on account of this very petition !

CHAPTER IX.

Interview with the Regent—A promise of alleviation of punishment—Last confession of the accused—The Bourreau—Letter from the Duke de St. Simon to the Duke d' Havré—Dishonorable conduct of the Regent—The Place de Grève—Note from the Duke d' Havré—The Regent offers the confiscated property of the Comte de Horn to his brother—Rejected by the latter—More acts of the "good Regent."

WE were shown into the council chamber by order of the Regent, the chief officers of his household doing the honours in silence, and there, in ten minutes, His Royal Highness sent to inform us that he awaited the deputation in his cabinet. Those whom it was agreed beforehand should present the petition, were, the Car-

dinal de Rohan, the Duke d' Havré, the Prince de Ligne and your grandfather.

The deepest anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all ; you might see by the gathering together of some of the women of our party that they were arranging themselves in attitudes of prayer, and I remember that that good Princesse d' Armagnac began to count her beads.

The Duke of Orleans commenced by telling our gentlemen that those who could ask pardon for the criminal (that is the word he used) showed more interest in the House of Horn than loyalty to the King. M. de Crèquy besought him to deign to read our petition.

“ Granting the possibility of his being mad,” replied the Regent, “ you will be obliged to allow that he is a dangerous madman, and that as such, it is right and prudent to get rid of him.”

“ But Monseigneur,” rejoined the Prince de Ligne, sharply, “ a Prince of your blood might possibly become deranged ; would

you have him broken on the wheel if he committed any acts of madness ?”

The Cardinal interposed between them, and prayed His Royal Highness to take into consideration that the ignominy of the punishment would attach itself, not only to the person of the condemned and the house of Horn, but would be a blot on the escutcheons of all the princely families and others, wherever a quartering of this sullied name should be found ; this would cause a marked prejudice against the high nobility of France and the Empire, excluding their members from entering noble chapters, princely abbeys, sovereign bishops, Teutonic commandries and even the order of Malta, where, besides being unable to substantiate their claims, all these families would be debarred from their advantages down to the fourth generation !

“ Monseigneur !” exclaimed the Prince de Ligne, “ I have, in my genealogy, four escutcheons of Horn, and consequently four ancestors in that house !—I must then be obliged to scratch them out and efface them

for ever!—there will be blanks and blots in our pedigree ; there is not a single sovereign family in existence who will not be injured by your Royal Highness' severity, and all the world knows that in the thirty-two quarterings of your mother will be found the shield of Horn !”

Your grandfather here threw himself into the breach, whilst the Regent answered mildly,

“ Then, gentlemen, I shall partake in your disgrace.”

(It is not true that he said, “ When I have had blood I get rid of it.”)

When they saw that there was no chance of pardon, they were obliged to fall back upon the hope of obtaining a commutation of the punishment, and as soon as it became a question whether Count de Horn should be beheaded or put to death upon the wheel, the Cardinal de Rohan withdrew from the discussion.

On his return to the room in which he had left us, we were fearful that some point

was being argued in which the Cardinal as a clergyman could not participate, and from this we augured most inauspiciously. M. de Crèquy also would not solicit for anything more than imprisonment for life! he rejoined us a quarter of an hour after the Cardinal, looking awfully pale, and in this state we remained until nearly midnight, without speaking. It was Saturday—the eve of Palm Sunday.

It was agreed and decided on after great trouble and difficulty, between the Duke of Orleans and the Duke d'Havré, (who was constantly interrupted by his cousin De Ligne) that His Royal Highness should sign and seal an order of commutation, which should be forwarded to the *Procureur-général* on the Monday, March 25th, by five o'clock in the morning. According to this promise and the Prince's word of honour, a scaffold was to be erected within the precincts of the Prison, and there Count de Horn was to be beheaded on the morning of the same

day, immediately after that he had received absolution.

The Regent bowed to us as he passed out of his cabinet, and embraced old Madame de Goyon whom he had known from his infancy, calling her also his good aunt. He condescended to say that he was charmed to see me at the Palais-Royal, which was scarcely àpropos, as he saw me there for the first time, and furthermore he conducted the ladies to the door of the second room himself, though he took care to show that it was on account of the presence of the Duchesse de Bouillon, and in honour of the King of Poland, Jean Sobieski.

If the favor which had been promised to us, afforded any one any consolation, it was only the Prince de Ligne, who was far more engrossed by the honors of his heraldic bearings than by the death of his nephew.

This unfortunate young man, would allow no one to visit him in prison except the Bishop de Bayeux and M. de Crèquy. He had just received the communion, when

your Grandfather entered the prison chapel ; Count Antoine still knelt before the holy table where they were concluding a mass for the dead, celebrated at his own request. (This is not in the canon-law, nor is it allowed to be used in the Low-Countries.) He said to M. de Créquy,

“ Cousin, with the body of Jesus Christ on my lips, I solemnly protest my innocence as far as relates to the intention of murder.”

He would not demean himself by touching on the infamous supposition of theft.

He detailed the whole affair with clearness, simplicity, resignation and courage, and he added moreover that what he could not understand was, that after having partaken of the prison-fare before proceeding to his examinations, he always felt a sort of giddiness and incoherence, with a quickening of the pulse.

“ They must have been sensible of this in my replies,” said he, “ and it is not my judges who will have to answer before God for my conviction !”

He made these two gentlemen promise that they would go and see his brother and bear witness to him that he died protesting his innocence, and a good Christian; in other respects he said he was not sorry to die, and these words he repeated five or six times before his two cousins, though without assigning any reason for them.

There was something fearfully mysterious in the fate of this young man, and one could almost fancy that his countenance bore the impress of his destiny.

M. de Créquy went and found the executioner of Paris who lived at la Villette that he might recommend the sufferer of the morrow to his especial care.

“Do not give him unnecessary pain,” said he, “bare his neck only, and remember to provide a coffin in which I can have his body deposited until it can be sent to his family.”

The executioner promised to take all possible care, and when your grandfather offered him a rouleau of one hundred Louis, he said he never accepted anything.

“ I am paid by the King, to discharge the duties of my office,” replied this man of justice.

“ And in truth my good fellow,” said M. de Crèquy, “ it is no ordinary calling, that of putting to death one of God’s creatures !”

The executioner told my husband that he had refused exactly the same sum two days previously, offered for the same purpose in favor of the same person.

M. de Créquy returned home in a state of indescribable affliction ; he retired immediately to bed, and when I entered his room to wish him good-night, I found him ruminating over a letter which had been forwarded to him by the Duc d’ Havrè, the latter having received it from the Duc de St. Simon, who was intimate with the Regent.

The following is a copy of the letter the original of which I have always preserved.

Letter from the Duc de St. Simon to the Duc d’ Havrè.

“ My dear Duke,

I am just setting off for la Ferté according to my custom during Easter. I did not fail to represent to the Duke of Orleans how utterly different were the effects of different punishments in Germany and in the Low-Countries, as also the grievous injury inflicted on a house so nobly and powerfully allied. I despaired of saving his life, in consequence of the machinations of those two men who are, as you are aware, such partisans of the Stock Exchange and such warm defenders of the brokers, without which their credit would certainly fall to the ground. I have earnestly solicited (and I flatter myself I have had the happiness of obtaining) the commutation of the ignominious punishment of the wheel, to that of decapitation, which is in no country regarded as a brand of infamy, and this will leave the illustrious House of Horn power to provide for the proper establishment of descendants, should there be any. The Duke of Orleans admitted that I was

quite right ; his word was passed for the commuting of the sentence and I am bound to believe it as a thing placed beyond doubt ; I even took the precaution of informing him as I withdrew, that I was going to leave the next day, and I conjured him not to allow his word to pass into oblivion, seeing that he would be assailed by two men who are clamorous for the wheel, and were capable of falsifying to the Regent the consequences to be expected from this horrible execution. He faithfully promised me to be firm, and that which inspires me with still greater confidence in his resolution is, that he himself gave me a number of good reasons why he should maintain it—reasons which had not even occurred to myself. I can assure you he spoke as a man of high birth and feeling, otherwise I should have thought it necessary to defer my departure.

You know how much I am beholden to you, my dear Duke—

St. Simon."

Imagine what must have been our feelings, and picture to yourself, if you can, our utter astonishment, deep dejection, and indignation against the Regent, when we learnt on Tuesday the 26th of March at 10 o'clock in the morning, that Count de Horn had been exposed on the wheel in the Place de Grève, from half past six in the morning on the same scaffold with the Piedmontese de Milhe! and that he had been subjected to the torture before being executed!

Your grandfather dressed himself in his uniform of a general officer with his ribbon on his coat—he ordered six servants to attend in their state liveries—he had two carriages harnessed with six horses each, and set off for the Place de Grève; there he found that, amongst others, he had been anticipated by M. M. de Havré, de Rohan, de Ligne and de Croüy.

The Count Antoine was already dead, and indeed there was some reason to believe that the executioner, out of charity, had

given him his death blow (on his breast) at eight o'clock in the morning.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, that is to say as soon as the *juge-commissaire* had quitted his post at the Hotel de Ville, these gentlemen had the mutilated remains of their relation removed and even assisted in the office with their own hands. No one except M. de Créquy had taken the precaution of bringing a carriage ; they had the shapeless masses placed in one of ours, which happened to be that bearing my arms. My husband and I had agreed that the corpse should be brought to our house, and I had already prepared a lower room in which an altar was to be erected, when Mme. de Montmorency-Loguy sent to say that she claimed the melancholy privilege herself, begging us to remember that she was born Comtesse de Horn.

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.....since the return of M. de St. Simon whom M. d' Havré answered by the following note :—

“ My dear Duke,

I can fully understand the regrets which you have been obliging enough to express to me, and I receive them with gratitude. I know not whether it be true that the Marquise de Parabère obtained from the executioner that act of charity which is attributed to her, but this I know, that the Count de Horn's death is the result of the false policy, mercenary nature, inconstancy, and perhaps jealousy of the Duke of Orleans.

You know my feelings of especial regard for you—

Croy d' Havré.”

If a collection were made of all that was written against the Duke of Orleans on this occasion, a hundred volumes could be filled. The Regent was not slow in repenting, and

when he saw himself the object of animadversion to all Europe, he bethought him of restoring to the Prince de Horn the confiscated property of Count Antoine, whom, in violation of his word of honour, he had allowed to be broken alive upon the wheel!

The following is the reply of the Prince to his Royal Highness, as it was reported to us by M. de Créquy on his return from his, sad pilgrimage to the Low Countries, with Prince François, (Bishop of Bayeux.)

“ Monseigneur.

“ The object of this letter
“ is not to reproach you with the death of
“ my brother, although the rights of my rank
“ and nation have thus been violated in
“ your Royal Highness' person, but to thank
“ you for restoring his property to me, which
“ I beg to refuse. In accepting any favour at
“ your hands I should be acting infamously
“ and in strange opposition to him.

“ I hope, that God and the King of France
“ will one day treat your Royal Highness and
“ family with more justice than you have

“ shown towards my unfortunate brother, and
“ I remain with every good intention for your
“ Royal Highness’s service,

Emmanuel, Prince de Horn.”

That which was not the less extraordinary part of all this was, that the conduct of the Duke of Orleans appeared so revolting and became the object of such general and well-directed indignation, that public opinion espoused the quarrel of his victim, and the honour and estimation in which his family had been held, remained unimpaired.

His brother’s daughters have married Princes of the empire, and every time that the quarterings of the Horn family have been presented for inspection as aspiring to grand chapters or even electoral benefices, such as the Archbishoprics of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves, no one has even thought fit to insinuate, or to offer in opposition, that they might be branded with infamy by virtue of the Germanic laws or the custom of Bra-

bant,* *ce bon Régent, qui gâta tout en France,*" (as Monsieur de Voltaire used ironically to say to us, who in fact is nothing more than a philosophic hypocrite and a flatterer in disguise ;) "this good Regent," let him then be called, failed not to restore to favour the Duke and Duchesse de Maine (of whom he was always afraid) whilst at the same time he persecuted, and condemned to death twenty three Breton gentlemen who had plotted in concert with the Duke and Duchess, (but of whom he was *not* afraid !). Their names however have been since re-instated, and I have remarked that all those judgements which were pronounced by *commissaires* under the Regency, have been afterwards reversed.

* It is to be remarked that Madame de Créquy has made us look upon the character and career of the Comte de Horn in quite a new light. There is a curious document in the "*pieces justificatives*" to these memoirs which fully confirms the greater part of the facts advanced by her, and this document may be relied on as official.—(*Note of French Editor.*)

I have no doubt but that the Prince de Horn would have obtained the same justice, but then he must have recognized the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris, which, in his position, was impossible.

CHAPTER X.

Duels—Fatality attending the admirers of Madame de Parabère—Maréchale de Luxembourg, afterwards Duchess de Boufflers—Maréchale de Mirepoix afterwards Princess de Lixim—Reflections on dress—Family pride—A she-knight of St. Michael—Tuft-hunting—Comtesse de Vertus—A Quid pro quo, showing that politeness is sometimes rewarded---Mademoiselle Quinault's armorial bearings---Madame du Deffand, at that time Mademoiselle de Vichy.—An invalid with a tail! ---The aspirations of a dog-fancier.

THE rage for duels was so much encouraged by the incompetency and neglect of the Duke of Orleans that one heard of nothing but young men killed or wounded, and every family was in a state of either anxiety or affliction.

In our own, we had to lament the loss of the Chevalier de Breteuil, one of the most amiable persons possible, who was killed by a brother officer in his regiment of guards. He was the younger brother of the Bishop of Rennes, and the Marquis de Breteuil-Fontenoy (whom we shall some day see Minister of War) and was one of the most famed admirers of Madame de Parabère ; it is impossible to say how many she had not lost either in some most tragical manner or by a violent death. Many young officers fell in duels, two Breton gentlemen lost their heads, a Knight of Malta was drowned during his pilgrimage, and a page of honour assassinated in a hackney-coach ; there were Abbés knocked down at her door, a counsellor who poisoned himself with mushrooms, and a youth thrown out of window, but above all, the poor unfortunate Antoine de Horn.

It was said that Madame de Parabère brought misfortune upon her admirers, but in certain cases, people were apt to attribute

to jealousy that which more fairly belonged to the "*influenza perniciosa*," or the common course of events.

Another most scandalous duel was that between the Prince de Lixin, and the Marquis de Liguéville, his wife's uncle. The latter was killed by M. de Lixin, and M. de Lixin was killed by the Duc de Richelieu, as I shall inform you further on.

The Princesse de Lixin, (née Beauvean de Craon) became afterwards Maréchale Duchesse de Mirepoix and I shall often have occasion to make mention of her.

It was at this period if I mistake not; that is, at the close of the year 1721, that we made the acquaintance of our young and pretty cousin De Villeroy, who quitted her Convent to marry the Duc de Boufflers. She became a widow after that, and married the Duc de Luxembourg, and of her, also, I shall have plenty to say.

The Princesse de Lixin always conducted herself in the most exemplary manner; but as Maréchale de Mirepoix, she used to sup at

Madame du Barry's, and thereby forfeited the friendships and intimacies of her youth. She was more naturally elegant and distinguished looking than anyone I ever knew, but of all women the most alive to her own interests as far as regarded profit and pleasure. Her thirst for money (and a great deal of it too) reigned supreme, for she would have played away the revenues of ten kingdoms at *passe-dix* and *vingt-et-un*. Her only passion indeed was that of gaming.

But having mentioned the Duchesse de Boufflers to you, I ought also to make you acquainted with her as Duchesse de Luxembourg, when she was in all her glory: I may as well do so now as at any other time, anticipating, for the present, my story, which I shall again pursue in chronological order, from the time of my father's embassy, and our journey, to Italy.

There were in Paris, three old people, contemporaries, who were for a long time held in pretty nearly the same estimation, though the social existence of each was

widely different. The first of these was the Maréchale de Luxembourg, and it was impossible to conceive any one possessed of more good taste, good sense, and perfect amiability. Her appearance was distinguished ; late in life she had turned pious, because nothing sits so well as devotion on a woman approaching her sixtieth year, and she continued truly so without any effort.

The Maréchale had certainly her failings, but the only point which appeared really reprehensible in her character was a continual and excessive infatuation about the grandeur and (to speak plainly) the pretended superiority of the house of Montmorency.*

Surely the Maillys the La Tour d'Auvergues, the Clermont-Tonnerres, and especially the Rohans, were at least as good as the Montmorencys ! It is true that Mathieu de Montmorency married the widow of

* Her late husband was Francois de Morency, Duc de Piney-Luxembourg.

Louis-le-gros, but then we all know the reason of that ! he was young and good-looking, and the Queen was an old fool !

Her house, her furniture, her table, her numerous livery servants, carriages, chapel, and state-room, in short, everything about her was of extraordinary magnificence. She had for her own use a work-box in solid gold, and her collection of snuff-boxes was the most splendid and curious in the world.

Amidst all this gilding, amidst the great portraits of Constables, the lions of Luxembourg and the eaglets of Montmorency, it was somewhat startling at first to see a little woman simply attired in brown taffetas, without jewels, trimmings or furbelows of any kind ; but on a nearer inspection her countenance was so animated and good-tempered, her features so roble and regular, her carriage so modest, and yet one might say so royal ; and, lastly, her conversation was so cleverly varied, polished, and yet acute, that you listened and looked upon her with unutterable pleasure.

The dress of old people of that day possessed one great advantage for them, and that was, it bore no resemblance to the attire of the young; so that there was no chance of comparisons arising between the two, which could not but prove unfavourable to the dowagers. Old women were then distinct; set apart, as it were, as being no more objects for dress than for gallantry. I quite pity those of my age, when I see them decked out in gay caps, deceptive kerchiefs, and all their costume of the most juvenile description! for hence it happens that in an involuntary comparison with their grandchildren, they only become objects of disgust themselves.

I have no doubt but that the disrespect, or rather the impertinence of the young people of the present day towards the old arises in a great measure, from their foolish mode of dressing.

It would be impossible to describe the *Marèchele de Luxembourg* better than *Mme. de Flahaut* has done in one of her pretty

romances, for which, in my eyes, she deserves infinite credit, as she was never in the society of the *Marèchale*, nor ever likely to be !

It was said of old, that men of good society sometimes lost their polish and refinement after having been associated for a long time with women of an inferior grade, and that these same women often acquired the polite usages of the world and contrived to pick up good taste and manners from the crumbs that fell in the company of their superiors, which proves at least that good taste is not thrown away on all the world ; but it was likewise said that this was but the ornamental varnish—that on examination you might detect the colours of the old picture appearing beneath the new colouring—that on the least provocation for instance, there would be an explosion of words, a deluge of gestures, and sometimes revengeful acts which betrayed the innate vulgarity.

I have had no opportunity of personally testing the truth of these observations, but

with respect to finding the perfection of good manners sometimes equally shared by the high-born and those of a lower grade, it appears to me a very natural transition to pass from the Maréchale-Duchesse de Luxembourg to Mademoiselle Quinault, on whom my grandmother (not less of a fine lady than Madame de Luxembourg) took me one day to call, evincing a tone of regard and ceremonious politeness which came naturally from her, and which it would be very difficult to feign in the present day.

There is a long paragraph for you! I began to think it would never end and my pen is quite out of breath!

But, apropos to the Montmorencys, I have not told you all I have to say about them, and whilst I am on the subject I may as well relate one more anecdote concerning them, lest I forget it.

The Vicomtesse de L... thought proper one day to ape her defunct cousin of Luxembourg, and so she wrote the following note to the Maréchal de Sègur who was at

that time Minister of War and had refused to entrust the command of a regiment to the son of the Vicomtesse :—

“ I know not Monseigneur, whether you
“ have read the history of our family, but
“ you would there see that formerly it was,
“ apparently, easier for a Montmorency to
“ wear the Constable’s sword, than to obtain
“ in the present day the epaulettes of a
“ Colonel !”

The reply of the Marèchal de Sègur was very apropos—he said that he had read the history of *France* and that he concluded the M. M. de Montmorency had always been treated *according to their deserts* !

Mademoiselle Quinault was an old maid who lived on a pension from the privy-purse, and she was descended from the famous Quinault, Poet and Actor. It was generally known that she also had made her *début* at the opera, but by common consent no one was to recollect that circumstance or to feel

certain about it, consequently if ever the scent lay in that quarter the hounds were to be whipped off.

It was allowed that she had been *l'amie intime* of the Duc de Nevers, who was Mancini, nephew to the Cardinal Mazarin and father of the present old Duc de Nivronais, so you see Mlle. Quinault was no chicken ! They said she had once been very pretty but her great superiority consisted in her knowledge of the world and her incomparable tact. Mlle. Quinault did not care for money, but her ruling passion was for "grand acquaintance." She had played her cards so skilfully and her batteries had been so well directed that, besides placing herself permanently in good society, she had also attained to a perfect equality with the loftiest and most unapproachable heights in the world of fashion.

It was not known how she made her way, but certain it is, she obtained the collar and order of St. Michel with a considerable pension, and she had superb apartments at

the Louvre, overlooking the garden on the side of the Seine.

Thus, she was always rising higher and higher, from the old Duc de Nevers, to the Comtesse de Toulouse and the Duc de Penthievre who were eminently the possessors of all the cardinal virtues ; who distilled dignity as it were, and who, as authorities on conventional proprieties, were considered perfect oracles ; in short, all the most powerful and illustrious at Court, and the most important in the city arrived in turn most reverentially to pay their respects in the drawing-room of Mlle. Quinault, who had the good sense never to pay visits, for, as she humbly informed you, she never took the liberty of calling on any one. The celebrated Madame D'Epinay had great difficulty in finding among her acquaintance some one who possessed a sufficient footing to present her to Mlle. Quinault.

We found then, Mlle. Quinault, comfortably established under the royal roof ; she was dressed in black and white damask,

because the Court was in half mourning, and wore a large hoop. Her manners and appearance were as good as they could be, but she was not rouged, as we all were, consequently she disarmed the ridicule to which such an assumption might have given rise.

I have already mentioned that Mlle. Quinault was decorated with the order of St. Michael ; it was bestowed upon her on account of a magnificent anthem which she composed for the Queen's chapel, and I should think that she was the first woman to whom the black ribbon was ever given. On our entrance, we found her seated side-by-side with the Duc de Penthièvre, who was, as you are aware, the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth. There were also present, the Dowager Duchesse de Bouillon, the Princesse de Soubise, and her sister the Landgravine of Hesse, Mlle. de Vertus, the *Vidame* de Vassè, the grand prior of Auvergne, the Comte d'Estaing—in fact all Madame du Defand's great people.

Mademoiselle de Vertus was an old Princess of the house of Britany, and, I think, the last of her family. There had existed some bad feeling between our families arising out of a law-suit which she sustained against us with the Marquis de la Grange, her nephew, and the most mischievous litigant that ever lived. That is all I know about it; but whatever it was, as we had quarrelled, I had never seen Mlle de Vertus, no more than Mlle Quinault, and in mistaking one for the other, a capital game of cross-purposes arose.

In the first place I commenced a fire of conversation with Mlle. de Vertus, next to whom I found myself seated; I made her all sorts of pretty little speeches, and she seemed touched and surprised by my politeness, for she was an excellent and religious woman. All this time my grandmother, who conversed with the lady of the black ribbon, whom I mistook for some Chanoinesse of Remiremont, kept watching me with the greatest uneasiness, and told me afterwards,

as we were leaving, that she had made up her mind that I had suddenly gone mad!

Mlle. de Vertus, finding me so well disposed towards her, imagined that I deserved some proof of her recollection; we were connected, and they told me she expected me to pay her a visit, but in four or five months she died, after having been obliging enough to append a codicil to her will, by which means a sum of forty-thousand francs in good louis d'ors, fell into my little exchequer, and all for mistaking Mademoiselle Anne de Bretagne, Comtesse de Vertus and a Peeress of France, for Mlle. Quinault, *chevalière de l'ordre du Roi!*

Imagine the congratulations that were showered upon me for having been so provident and so good a relation, quite unawares! and as we should endeavour to draw a moral from everything, we may say that in the olden times politeness sometimes earned its own reward!

Touching unexpected presents, unusual acts of generosity and Mlle. Quinault, I

must tell you that long after this, the Maréchale de Mirepoix who accepted everything and never gave aught in return, showed me notwithstanding, a beautiful seal which she had ordered for this lady, and which she was going to send her as a New Year's gift.

“What!” said I, “a seal with arms upon it for Mlle. Quinault?”

“And why not *mon cœur*?” replied the Maréchale with imperturbable gravity—“is not Mlle. Quinault a person of rank? her grandfather was ennobled by the late King; you see every day in the streets, arms with the coronets of Counts and Barons which are not a bit better than hers; moreover the President d’Hazier de Sérigny had these emblazoned for me from his register.”

“And how about the opera?” said I.

“Oh! the opera—say nothing about that or they will call you malicious; besides, singing at the opera does not derogate from one’s nobility! M. le Moine,” she added with a smile, “M. le Moine, *écuyer, Sieur de Chassè*, and first singer at the Royal Acade.

my, of Music, is cousin-german to Monsieur de Vaudreuil."

To conclude properly, the biography, panegyric, and apotheosis of Mlle. Quinault, I should add, that Princes of the blood sent their great officers and carriages to her funeral which was splendid, and the armorial bearings presented by the Maréchale de Mirepoix were displayed everywhere.

It remains to me only to speak to you of the Marquise de Deffand who was no longer young when I met her in the world, but her importance was so firmly established, and she was treated with such consideration, that some people were utterly confounded by it, and amongst these were the Maréchal d'Estrées, and the Duchesse d'Harcourt in particular; they appeared to know a great deal more than they chose to say, and I always thought they held their tongues from regard for the relations and friends of this blind old sinner. The following anecdote is wholly unknown to her biographers and even to her enemies; I had it from the Baron de

Breteuil who was in the King's household at the time, and he had it himself from the late Lieutenant of Police.

Mademoiselle de Vichy de Champron was a boarder at the Convent of the Madeleine de Traisnel, in the Faubourg St. Antoine ; she was perfectly beautiful, and at that period was not more than sixteen years of age.

M. d'Argenson, the *garde des sceaux* was acquainted with the superior of this house whose name, (I happen to recollect it exactly) was Madame de Vèni d'Arbouze. A visit from Monsieur *le garde-des-sceaux* was quite an event as he never called on any one ; he never went out of a foot's pace in the streets but seated in an arm chair alone at the back of his great coach, he was escorted by his archers, and followed by another carriage containing the casket in which the seals of France were kept, and further, by three counsellors *Chaaffectire* who kept as close to him as his shadow or his Cross of the Holy Ghost.

The superior received him in the parlour.

“ I have not time to stay,” said he bowing, “ but you have here the daughter of the Comte de Champron ?”

“ *Oui Monseigneur.*”

“ I recommend you then to send her back to her parents secretly, as quietly and as quickly as possible ; I wished to say this to yourself alone—adieu Madame.”

M. d'Argenson had organized the Paris police himself, and this was the way their system was carried on in those days.

The Nun was thrown into the greatest state of alarm and nervousness ; her anxiety came stronger upon her in the middle of the night, and she visited the cell of the *pensionnaire* ; she found it empty and she remained in it until the return of the young lady, which was about four or five o'clock in the morning. It is not known what communication took place between them, but the superior wrote the following day to the Comte de Champron giving him to understand that his daughter could no longer remain at the Madeleine de Traisnel.

The father arrived from the Bourbonnais in all possible haste but he had scarcely alighted from his carriage before the Regent sent to tell him to repair to the Palais Royal, where the Prince wished to speak with him instantly, and this was, to propose to him to start forthwith for the army of Catalonia with the rank of Brigadier, whereas M. de Champron had never served higher than as a Colonel.

The unfortunate father guessed the truth, and left the Regent's presence without deigning to reply; and as he feared some violence, he carried off his daughter so rapidly that all the rest of the intrigue was knocked on the head.

And where do you suppose he placed her for safety? At the *chancellerie*! with M. *le garde-des-sceaux* in the Place Vendome where she remained under lock and key for above six months, and only left it to marry the Marquis du Deffand who was an officer in the *garde-du-corps* of the Duchesse de Berry.

We never appeared to suspect anything, but we thought we observed that whenever the Regent's name was mentioned Madame du Deffand seemed very uncomfortable and became suddenly dumb.

My aunt de Lesdiguières had another story about her which proves the cold-blooded nature of her character. My aunt went and called upon her in company with Madame de Bourbon-Busset, expecting to find her more or less depressed as M. de Pont-de-Vesle was dying, and for the last twelve or fifteen years he had lived in the enjoyment of her best of graces.

After the first compliments had been exchanged, Madame de Bourbon-Busset asked her (with a long face of tender interest) the news of the *dear invalid*.

Eh, mon Dieu ! I was thinking about it," exclaimed the old Marquise quickly, "but I have only one man-servant here just at present, so I was going to send one of my maids to ask after him."

"Madame," replied the other, "it rains

torrents. I beg of you to let her go in my carriage."

"You are excessively kind, and I thank you a thousand times," said the Marquise looking highly delighted. "Mam'selle," (speaking to a maid who had answered the bell) "you are to go and inquire after our little invalid; the Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset allows you to go in her carriage on account of the rain, but you are by no means to trouble her footmen to accompany you! I am very grateful and quite touched by the interest you take in my favourite," she continued; "he is very good, and so clever, so amusing, so gentle and caressing; I suppose you know that Mme. du Chatelet procured him for me?"

The two friends looked at each other, not daring to reply to a communication so confidential and ill-timed! They talked about other things and at last the carriage returned.

"Well; how did you find him?"

“As well as he could possibly be, madame.”

“Would he eat anything to-day?”

“He wanted to amuse himself by gnawing an old shoe, but M. Lyounais would not let him.”

“Well!” exclaimed my aunt, “that was an extraordinary fancy for an invalid!”

“In short, is he able to walk now?” asked the Marquise.

“I am unable to answer that, madame, because he was lying doubled up, but I saw that he knew me quite well to-day, *for he wagged his tail!*”

“*Monsieur de Pont de Vesle?*” cried the visitors.

“*Allons donc!*” said Mme. du Deffand; “we are talking about my little dog; but, by the bye,” she added, addressing her servant in a dry sharp voice, “do not forget to send and inquire after the Chevalier de Pont de Vesle.”

As you are not obliged to know who M. Lyounais was, I tell you that he was a Doc-

tor who lived on the Place de Grève and who had made sixty thousand livres a year, by taking care of sick cats and dogs who were boarded with him. When they talked of putting up for sale the seigneurial estate and ruins of the old Château of Courtenay, I set about (to shame the heirs of this imperial family) that Lyounais was about to become the purchaser, and that his son would bear the name; which, by the way would have been a difficult thing to prevent, for according to custom in seigneurial matters in the *vicomté* of Paris all plebeians might acquire and hold, feudal lands.

It would have been a bad joke certainly for the cause of it was not generally understood, but the report spread all over Versailles, and so dreadfully alarmed the Cardinal de Fleury that he immediately despatched M. de Fourqueux to Paris to purchase the estate, together with the *seigneurie* of Courtenay, purposing to reunite them to the crown.

Instead, however, of becoming the pos-

essor of the Lordship of Courtenay, Monsieur Lyounais contented himself with the noble estate of Pontgibault, which had descended through my aunt de la Trèmoille, the last member of the ancient house of Lafayette; but you must not confound this with the family of that philosophical and republican Marquis who has been waging war in America.

CHAPTER XI.

A disastrous year—Rejoicings on the King's recovery—A loss, Cartouche's death!—His favorite book and meritorious end—An adventure, a friend in need—A mal-apropos salute to the King of Cyprus—An old idiot *in spite of her teeth*!—A mitred fool—Gallican Joe Millers.

You have not yet heard all I have to say about that unlucky year, 1721 ; against which I have always had a spite, on account of the tragical end of poor Comte Antoine, and for other disasters which I must content myself by disposing of summarily.

First of all, there was the King's illness,

which kept us in a state of the most painful anxiety for upwards of a fortnight ; then the bankruptcy and flight of Law, whom there was much difficulty in protecting from the fury of the populace, and the misery and the general ruin produced by the downfall of his system ; next, the plague at Marseilles, and, not least, a fire which destroyed the whole of my village of Gastines, which cost us a hundred and twenty thousand livres, as much in what we disbursed in charity, as for the loss of our seigneurial rights and revenues, which M. de Créquy remitted for three years ;* lastly, the Regent put a slight upon M. de Crèquy by favouring M. de Belisle : who was not at that time either a Marshal of France, a Duke, or a Peer ; and he was very angry at this. Your grandfather carried the insult with a high hand ; he wrote

* The peasants of Gastines were horribly ungrateful to us ; we had their village rebuilt, and the first thing they did at the commencement of the revolution, was to set fire to our Chateau !—

1795. (*Author's Note.*)

to the King, then sitting in council, saying that he could no longer continue to serve him with honor ; he also wrote four lines to the Regent, noways complaining, but merely tendering his resignation of the general-directorship of the infantry ; and then we set off for Venice, where my father was ambassador extraordinary.

Before leaving Paris I should have liked to have told you of the universal depression which lasted during the King's illness, as well as of the rejoicings which took place on his recovery ; but all the cotemporary writers have anticipated me in the description, so I shall only mention that the municipal bodies, the City of Paris, and the Marèchal de Villeroy, His Majesty's Governor, bore all the expenses of the *Te Deum*, and the civil rejoicings, for the Regent and his son never undrew their purse-strings.

The Tuileries were magnificently illuminated with coloured lamps which hung from tree to tree in garlands of *fleurs-de-lys* ; all the avenues were embellished with tall yew-

trees trimmed in the form of *fleurs-de-lys*, and the fire works, which were discharged every quarter of an hour, bore the same shape.

No display, more regal or more national was ever beheld ; the Tuileries, the surrounding streets, and even the roofs of the houses were filled and covered with crowds of people, and their joy was so frantic, that at last it made the little King giddy, and he rushed to take refuge in a corner of the *Salle-des-gardes*, where he seated himself on a bench by us, saying he could bear it no longer ; it was only about a quarter of an hour afterwards, that the Maréchal de Villeroy came and said to him “ *Mon Maître*, will you shew yourself again to your good people, who love you so well, and who are waiting for you.”

That, I can assure you, is all that the Marshal said, and the King immediately returned to the balcony, without requiring any more pressing. M. de Villeroy always appeared to me the vainest, the most unrea-

sonable, and the most bombastic of courtiers ; but upon that occasion I can certify that he never uttered one of those arrogant and stupid expressions which M. de St. Simon has so kindly attributed to him.

About this time, 1721, the friends of Cartouche had to deplore his death ; but I cannot say that it was a loss which I felt very acutely. He had undergone torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, with wonderful endurance, and had never divulged the name of any one of his accomplices : but the curè of St. Sulphice, whose attendance he had solicited had not neglected to point out to him, that one of the first obligations of a Christian was, to speak the truth, when so ordered by the judge, that judge being appointed by the legitimate sovereign.

Religion obtained from this malefactor what the most dreadful sufferings could not extort ; he named all his accomplices, amidst torrents of tears, and that effort was so super-human, painful, and meritorious, that

he will assuredly reap the benefit of it, in a world to come.

This extraordinary man, Cartouche, had had some books of his choice brought to him in prison, and M. d'Aguesseau told us that the one which he read over and over again with renewed pleasure, was entitled "The Deacon Agapet on the duties of an Emperor."* We had the curiosity to make ourselves acquainted with this work of Cartouche's selection, and Madame de Beaufremont and I found it was a silly and most tiresome book of the middle ages, the wearying translator of which is a Carmelite called Jean Cartigny. You will find the very volume in my library, and upon almost all the margins you will see sums, and little men drawn with a pen and signatures of Cartouche's. We could not comprehend what pleasure such a man could take in reading such a work.

* "Le diacre Agapet, touchant les devoirs d'un Empereur."

The only adventure we had in crossing France, on our way to Italy by Monaco, occurred to us as we were walking on the Quay at Toulon ; they were leading a coiner to the gallows, who stopped short to look at M. de Crèquy, exclaiming that he knew of something very important for the King's service, which he would only reveal to my husband, who had had the command there for a long time and was, without any metaphor, idolized.

M. de Crèquy was at first a little surprised, but immediately whispered to me that though he did not believe a word of it, he could not refuse to listen. The crowd was accordingly kept at a distance, whilst I maintained tight hold of your grandfather's arm, that I might not be left alone in the middle of that copper-coloured, ragged, howling and garlic-smelling population, for the principal officers of the port who composed our escort, had been separated from us in the confusion.

“ You do not recollect Thierry, Monseig-

neur ?—Thierry, who was your armourer ? is it possible that you have forgotten Thierry ?”

“ What do you want of me ?” answered your grandfather.

“ Monseigneur, pray have the charity to write to the King, that you have found poor Thierry here in a cruel state of trouble—that is all I have to say to you, but do not refuse me that service I beg of you, Monseigneur !”

My husband kept his countenance wonderfully, and said in a solemn manner to the Prevost.

“ I must request you sir, not to allow that man to be executed until you shall have heard from me.”

That very night he wrote off to M. de Maurepas, who expressed himself quite diverted at the idea of granting us the pardon of that poor coiner ! I always pity coiners who are put to death ; it is a law which one would say had originated with jobbers of the revenue and griping traffickers rather

than with noble councillors and Christian magistrates.

We passed eight days at Monaco with our fair cousin de Valentinois, who treated us sumptuously, and saluted us with a salvo of thirteen guns from her fortress. When M. de Crèquy enquired the reason of this and asked her jokingly why she received us in her metropolis with such civility, she said :—

“ Never you mind, Louis-le-Débonnaire ! was not my grandmother’s grandmother one of your family ? if you say another word about it, I shall have you saluted when you leave, with twenty-one guns, as I salute my neighbour, the Duke of Savoy, King of Cyprus and Jerusalem !”

I should here inform you that the late Duke of Savoy was desperately in love with her, and he often arrived at Monaco without drums or trumpets that he might give her an agreeable surprise ; Mme. de Valentinois, who was very fond of her young husband, and who most assuredly

did not at all like their neighbour of Cyprus and Jerusalem, (he being seventy years of age and humpbacked,) discovered nothing more effectual to put a stop to his amorous and gallant surprises, than to have salutes fired from all the batteries of the fort of Monaco as soon as he passed the frontiers of the principality.

This noble and powerful heiress of the ancient Princes of Carignano, Salerno and Monaco, was the last daughter of the sovereign house of Grimaldi. She had allied herself with the grandson of the Marèchal de Goyon-Matignon.

My uncle de Tessè always used to say that there were three sorts of people, whites, blacks and Princes ! and as far as relationship was concerned Louis the Fourteenth was like the greater part of the nobility, or even a country gentleman, for he loved his relations and evinced for the Harcourts and the Crèquys a goodness which sometimes amounted even to tenderness. He always took cognizance of their affairs,

and of their children, and even informed himself of the economy of their houses ; but where the King displayed most anxiety for his relations, was when there was a probability of their forming some bad match ; all the world knew that he gave 400,000 ècus to the Marquis de Chabannes-Curton to free his estates and prevent the necessity of his marrying the only daughter of Colleteau, a rich merchant of Rouen.

Instead of carrying into effect this disgraceful shop-alliance, Henri de Chabannes, Marquis de Curton, liberated his Comtè of Rochefort in Auvergne from debt, and the following year married Mademoiselle de Montlezun who was extremely handsome. She died of the small-pox, and in 1709 he married Catherine d' Escorailles, the widow of our cousin Sébastien de Rosmadec, Marquis de Molac and Guebriant. In 1748 she was a ridiculous old creature who hid and shut herself up when she ate lest it should be discovered that she had no teeth. She died choked by a half ball of ivory which

she used to keep in her mouth to fill out and give a roundness to her right cheek, or perhaps the left, for I do not recollect which side of her jaw was the worst.

However, it was always in one or the other, and she died chirping like Punch, on account of the piece of ivory which she had in her throat. The priest, whom they had sent for to hear her confess, thought she was laughing at him ; her servants did not know what to say, and if the Vidame de Vassé had not arrived, this wretched woman would have died without receiving absolution.

When the Abbè de Matignon arrived at his uncle's, at Lisieux, they hastened to show him the Cathedral, telling him that the English had built it.

"I saw at once," said he, in a tone of disgust, "that it was not made here !"

The first thing he did upon taking up his abode in the Bishop's palace, at Lisieux, was to have straw littered thickly under his win-

dows and all over that part of the great court which at all abutted on his own apartment.

“That is the way they manage in Paris” said he to his uncle, “to keep away noise”

“But you are not ill!—and there is no great noise of carriages to be afraid of at Lisieux.”

“Very true, Monseigneur, but it appears you do not take into consideration the noise of the church bells! I detest the sound of bells, and will neglect no means of deadening the noise of them!”

Some time afterwards, he said to my Grandmother, De Froulay;—

“There is M. de Lisieux just dead, thank God! You might as well tell Madame de Maintenon to make them give me the blue ribbon which my uncle had!”

“How old are you?” said she to him.

“Ah dear me! I am only thirty-two; that is one year less than the statutes exact; but you can say to Mme. de Maintenon that *I ought to be* thirty-three, because my mother had a miscarriage the year before my

birth—I have always computed,” he pursued, looking quite satisfied with himself as an experimental calculator, “that that threw me back one year!”

When his sister-in-law the Princess of Monaco was brought to bed of her first child who was the Marquis de Baux, he hastened to announce the good news to his brother who was with the army, but he had neglected to inform himself of the sex of the new-born infant, and you will see how he got out of that difficulty.

(M. de Créquy happened to be at the same time with the army of Flanders, where the Comte de Thorigny was serving under him, and he took a copy of this curious letter which I faithfully transcribe for your benefit:—)

* “I am at present at Torigny where I

* “Je suis de present a Torigny venu pour les couchés de vostre chaire femme, quy a failly de mourir et quy vient d'estre heureusement delivrée d'un gros enfant, quy fait des crys de chouhette en colesre, au point que j'en suis si joyeux et si troublé

“came for the confinement of your dear wife ;
“she was very near dying, but has just been
“safely delivered of a fine child, who screeches
“like an owl in a rage, to such an extent that
“I am too happy and bewildered to be able, as
“yet, to tell you whether I am an uncle or an
“aunt. Adieu ; I remain with many compli-
“ments, your brother,”

“† Leon, Bishop & Count,”
of Lisieux.”

“Why ?” asked he one day of the maid who looks after his poultry yard, “why have you not wit enough to sell my chickens at four pistoles each as they do parrots, which are not half the size ?”

“Do you not see Monseigneur, that your chickens cannot talk as parrots do.”

“Well, even if they cannot,” he replied in a rage, “they do not think the less

“que je ne vous saurais dire encore, si je suis son”
“oncle ou sa tante. Adieu seyey Monsieur mon frère”
“et bien des compliments,

† Leon, Evesque et
Comte de Lisieux.”

on that account!" and the saying became proverbial.

The Duchess de Brissac declared to us on her oath that she actually received from him whilst he was staying at Gacé with their cousin De Matignon, the original of that absurd letter which is now to be seen in every one's budget of jokes :—

“ Madame,

“ Being aware of your predilection for red-
“ partridges I send you six, of which three
“ are grey, and one is a wood-cock ; you will
“ find this letter at the bottom of the basket.”

In other respects he had all the inclination to become a flatterer and a courtier, but when he attempted that line, his folly was the more conspicuous, witness his interview with Mademoiselle de Sens.

He was commissioned, I never knew why or wherefore, to break the tidings of the death of the Count de Charolois (Louis-Henri de Bourbon-Condè) who was an abandoned creature, to the Princess. Mademoiselle de Sens saw him arrive in his Bishop's dress,

and knowing nothing further, began to question him as to whether her poor brother had had time to settle his mind as to.....

.....She intended to allude to certain testamentary acts, but he understood her to mean the affairs of another state, and interrupting her in the blindest tone, he said :—

“ Alas ! Mademoiselle, I know that he was an abominable character ; that he killed his own sister with a hunting knife, and that he used to fire upon the country people at Chantilly just as if they had been hares, to say nothing of the number of workmen he used to bring down from the roofs, making them roll over and over into the court-yard of the Palais de Bourbon, but the Divine Mercy is very great Mademoiselle, and God ought to think twice before he passes judgment upon a Prince of the blood !” *

* “ Monseigneur,” said Louis the Fifteenth to this Prince one day in the presence of all at his levee, “ I forgive you this once, but I swear solemnly as a man of honour, that I would grant letters of free and entire pardon to any one who should kill you !”

(*Author's Note.*)

I will spare you the infliction of a host of stories which I could relate about M. de Matignon, but I must tell you one more which I had from the Marèchal de Tessè and which I believe to be original.

My uncle was passing a few days in the autumn at Thury at the Duchess d'Harcourt's, and the coadjutor of Lisieux happened to be there at the same time.

'They were amusing themselves by discussing an old rogue in the neighbourhood who passed there for a very great man, because he regularly wore court mournings whenever there were any, and occasionally expended some of his savings in the ready-furnished houses, and Cafè's of the Capital. He used to tell his boon-companions that the King (Louis XIV) always treated him with unparalleled distinction, and seeing him once rushing from Paris to Versailles, the perspiration dropping off him, and covered with dust he had the goodness to receive him with open arms.

" Eh, good day, friend Gaudreville ! it is

a thousand years since we saw you ! How do you do ?”

“ Why sire, pretty well, thank you, if it were not for the fatigue of the journey.”

“ I dare say you would not be sorry to refresh yourself with a little of my Mâcon wine ?”

“ Faith ! that is an offer not to be refused !”

Here the old Squire was interrupted by an *écuyer* of the *Maréchal de Tessé* who happened to be one of the hunting party and who could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter.

“ Well ?” observed a country gentleman, one of the good-natured audience, “ is the King’s wine not the best that can be found ?”

“ But,” replied Gaudreville, looking towards the *écuyer* with a discontented air, “ I did not drink any of it.”

“ How was that ?”

“ Why you see,” he pursued, sacrificing a part of his story to preserve the rest, and gaining fresh courage, “ they always used

to come and inform the King, that the Queen had gone to vespers and had taken the cellar key with her !”

The coadjutor thereupon observed with a knowing look :—

“ What a fool ! he might have seen that this was but an excuse of the Queen’s, who did not wish him to have the wine at all !”

I think I may take upon myself to say that so gross a piece of stupidity never before escaped the lips of a grand seigneur !

CHAPTER XII.

An Ambassador extraordinary—Expediency—Death of the Pope—A d'Este—A wonderful telescope—Extraordinary instance of two monks “taking a sight,” proving “a glass too much!”—The Jacobite court at Rome—French superiority—A Conclave—Adventure of a Conclavist.

My father had refused to be anything in Italy except Ambassador extraordinary, but whatever talents he might have fancied he possessed for negotiation, he very much preferred Paris life to a continued residence in any foreign country.

Since the death of the King, it appeared to be the general opinion that France would consult her own interests the most by mak-

ing common cause with England ; my father could not adopt this idea as a principle, but he approved of it for the time being, on account of the establishment of the bank of Ostende, whither the Emperor Charles VI had undertaken to draw into his own nets, all the commercial advantages of other states and of the maritime powers in particular.

It was requisite to concert measures with the republic of Venice, where M. de Frémont, the ordinary resident minister of France, was suspected of being favorably disposed towards the Imperialists ; such were the apparent objects of this embassy of the Count de Froulay. But as the Pope's health was daily declining it was easy to foresee an approaching conclave, and my father had then a mission to go to Rome to advance the interests of France, by carrying thither the veto of this crown and that of Spain against the Cardinals Charles, Colonna, Pic de la Mirandola, and Zondodari, who were downright Imperialists, Prætorians un-

der their purple, Cæsarians, and regular Ghibellines of the XIIIth century.

On our arrival at Milan, early in the month of March, we learnt there the death of the Pope, and the departure of the Count de Froulay for Rome, where we arrived after having stayed eight days at the Court of Modena. M. de Crèquy would insist upon proffering this politeness to the eldest of the House of d' Est, a relation of his, who gave us a profusion of fêtes in church, festivals at Court, balls at the theatre, and parties in the country.

The Duke of Modena (Renard d' Est, third of the name) had been a Cardinal before he married the sister of the first Duke of Hanover, whom he had survived some years ; this Princess was the eldest sister of the Empress Amelia of Brunswick, wife of Joseph the First.

Prince François of Modena was quite shocked because his wife, (who, as I have before informed you, was a daughter of the Regent, and received us very ungraciously)

would sometimes wear Persian silks, and he asked me if it were possible that they were worn in Paris. I was obliged to allow that many young women had adopted this sort of material for morning dresses in the dead season, but never in the spring, nor for the evening ; and still less for Court.

The Princess of Modena was the first woman of rank whom I ever saw wear these dresses of coloured silk, which, as well as those of muslin and lawn, always appeared to me to look wretchedly mean.

We were told such things of this Princess, that it is impossible to repeat them ; all that I can possibly say is, that the late Duchess de Berry and the Queen of Spain, were prodigies of innocence and purity, in comparison to their sister of Modena !

At that time everybody in Upper Italy was talking of Ferracino, the celebrated Ferracino, who could not read, and yet had just set up a telescope of his own invention on the tower of Mirandola.

It was a wonderful instrument, the pro-

portions of which were calculated to enable one to observe, not only the spots on the sun or anything on the moon's surface, but to distinguish with perfect clearness all that passed within four or five miles of Mirandola. I have seen it directed upon a house in the little village of Strolla ; it was a tavern, and you might easily make out the sign, which was the figure of a Nun, with this inscription :—

“ *Alla beata Giulia Falconieri,*”

At the very moment, a veteran was counting his beads, seated on a stone bench at the Inn door, and by his side was a child weaving a basket of rushes ; we could perceive by the alternate motion of their lips that the little fellow was responding to the rosary with the invalided soldier, who wore the remains of a yellow uniform and had a wooden leg ; I see them now !

We were credibly informed that the distance between Mirandola and Strolla is, as the crow flies, very nearly four geographical miles of twenty-five to a degree.

About three weeks after our arrival in the States of Modena, two monks in their novitiate, belonging to the Capucin Convent, happened to mount to the observatory that they might look through this same telescope, and one of them made the instrument to bear upon a little wood of evergreen oaks, in the midst of which another Capucin Convent was situated, far off in the country, where the monk had commenced his studies, and in which he felt a strong interest.

Scarcely had he applied his eye to the glass before he uttered a fearful cry and immediately whispered something to his companion, who gazed without uttering a word ; they then both rushed down hastily, after taking the precaution of turning the telescope, telling Ferracino that if he were rash enough to look at what they had had the misfortune to see, he would commit a mortal sin ; Ferracino paid no regard to this caution but all that he could perceive was, a tall Capucin emerging from the oak wood,

and making his way towards Mirandola, keeping the high road of the Secchia.

However, the two young monks went and revealed to the guardian father of their community, what they had seen with the telescope ; he, on his part, departed forthwith to the Ducal Palace, where he forced his way through the guards, saying that he wished to speak with His Highness as soon as possible ; they answered him that His Highness was taking his siesta, upon which the Capucin tore his beard, exclaiming that the honor of the Order of St. Francis was concerned ; it was the Duke of Modena himself who told us all this.

“ But why do you not go and see what this superior of the Franciscans has to say to me ?” said he to the gentlemen of his chamber. They returned and said that he would explain himself to no one but the Duke in person.

What the two novices saw, and what could not have been seen except by means of a telescope, or by the fowls of the air, was, the

murder of a Capucin, whose body the murderer dragged to a ravine, after having stripped it of the gown. He then clothed himself in the garments of the deceased and came out of the wood in the direction of the city, where the Duke of Modena had arrived two days before, to assist at the solemnities of the festival of some patron-saint or other.

What the guardian-father wanted was, that the Duke of Modena should send some soldiers into his Convent, men of courage and resolution, and not such cowards as the *sbirri* were, (who, moreover were almost always in league with the brigands.) This was, in order that they might seize the murderer, who was sure to seek an asylum with the monks of St. Francis on the strength of his Franciscan habit, and still further, because he could not be harboured in any other house in the town.

The two novices had observed everything with remarkable attention ; they could not be mistaken in the person, seeing that the

monk's habit was much too short for the robber ; he was furthermore without beard, and if they removed the cowl with which he had concealed his head, it would be found that he had long hair, black and curly ; finally as he could not get his feet into the dead man's sandals, indubitably he would arrive with shoes, if not with bare feet, all of which proved perfectly correct.

In consequence of the report of the novices, and the request of their superior, the Duke wrote to the Commandeur Hércule d'Est, who was governor of Mirandola, and natural brother of His Highness. Soldiers were stationed within the cloister, and the murderer was arrested there ; he proved to be a Chief of Piedmontese brigands, and was hanged two days before our arrival, with his head downwards, after having first had his hand cut off.

The Chevalier de St. Georges whom the Holy Father received in the States of the Church with royal honours, and who, since his journey to France, had married the

grand-daughter of the King of Poland, Jean Sobieski, was living handsomely but quietly at Rome, whither all the Jacobites flocked to keep up his hopes, or at least to pay homage to the noble exile, their lawful and their only sovereign, according to their conscience and their laws of their country.

Queen Marie Clémentine was handsome, amiable and accomplished ; she possessed good taste, a good disposition, and considerable attraction for the French nobility, among whom her sister made some grand matches, for after the death of the Duke de Créquy-Blanchefort, she married in succession (that is the proper term) the Duke de Bouillon-Turenne, and the Prince de Turenne, his brother's heir.

The English Court was established on a very good footing in the Borgia Palace, which the Queen Dowager Maria of Modena had purchased for her son from the Cardinal Howard of Norfolk, and they had placed over the door the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland, with those of France

in the first quarter ; I never could hold my tongue on this subject, and I cannot imagine how “ *les Rois très-chrétiens*” could ever tolerate such an absurdity.*

* The English Government and the royal family removed the fleur-de-lys from the British shield during the reign of George the Third, according to a particular stipulation which Buonaparte had inserted in the treaty of Amiens. Bearing date from the same treaty, we may mention, that the Kings of England no longer assume the title of King of France, which they persisted in doing ever since Henry the Sixth usurped the crown of France.

(*Note of French Editor.*)

* The arms of France were first quartered in the English shield by Edward the Third, who assumed the title of King of France, in right of his mother Isabel, daughter of Philip the Fourth King of France, and they were not discontinued in the British shield until the union of Ireland 1801. George the Third was the last English sovereign who was crowned King of France. The question of this title formed no part of the articles in the treaty of Amiens ; but in the negotiations for a treaty at Lisle under Lord Malmesbury, the French Commissioners appointed by the Directory, 1797, insisted that the King of Great Britain should henceforward desist from assuming the title of King of France, but those proposals were declined on the part of England, and the conference was broken off.—(*Translator's Note.*)

The motto of the British shield is in French, as are also, I am informed, the inscriptions which designate the names and titles of the Knights of the Garter, and of the Bath, in the Chapels of Windsor and Westminster, as are also the oaths contained in the statutes of these orders, and the formal messages of the Crown to the English parliament. It appears that everything you see or hear at the Court of England bears the impress of the Normans or Angevins, branded with the indelible traces of the Conquest.

It is perhaps worthy of note that the French cast off their old customs, whilst almost all the aulic customs of Europe owe their origin to French usages. In a proclamation of Henry the Third, the gentlemen of his Chamber are enjoined "not to neglect to wear henceforth their golden keys at the back of their doublet, according to the ordinance of the Court," and at the present time we see that all the gentlemen of the Chamber or Chamberlains, wear gold

keys, except those of the King of France. The ceremonial of the Holy Empire, the regulation of the Court of Austria, and the etiquette of the Palace of Madrid are all evidently derived from the “*loy des hon-neurs de la cour de Bourgogne* ;” but among no people in any country, is the original so lost sight of, and the imitation so apparent, as in England.

All the English antiquaries agree in denying this, and the obstinacy with which they do so is supremely ridiculous ; they cannot deny that the oaths, the statutes and the mottos of the Royal Orders, as well as the principal forms of the Crown of England and of the Chancery, are purely nothing more than French sentences. The Chancellor of England is moreover obliged, twice a year, to pronounce publicly and judicially, (if not judiciously), “*Le roi remercie son bon peuple de son b n volence.*”*

* Royal Assent. The right of saying yes, which is

In fact all their coins and inscriptions, their temples and the palaces of their Kings, their tombs, and the British shield* down to the very coin of the realm, all are covered with emblems, gothic phrases and French legends. English subjects cannot even address their sovereign without making use of French, and calling him "sir;" they say

sometimes dictated by the fear of saying otherwise. The Royal Assent is usually given by commission, and the clerk of the Parliament is compelled to repeat some Norman-French; but as some of these clerks have, on economical principles, attempted to acquire French without a master, they often make a sad mess of it. Cromwell, the Protector, who tried to protect the King's English, did away with the custom of assenting to a Bill in French; but at the restoration, the old barbarous method was restored, and prevails at the present moment."

Punch, Oct. 1845.

* The origin of some of these Gallic inscriptions, if recalled, would not afford much food for French vanity—for instance—The motto of "Dieu et mon droit" was adopted by Richard the First, in consequence of his having defeated the French at Gisors, A.D. 1198, those words having formed the English Monarch's parole on that day.—*Translator's Note.*

“madam” to their Queen and not “milady.” I should fancy that that must be exceedingly mortifying to English pride, but what I find richer than all is, that His Majesty of England still touches for King’s evil, in virtue of his being King of France !

I refrain from any remarks on his title of “*defender of the faith.*”

Queen Marie Clémentine had succeeded to a share in the royal inheritance of the Sobieski, exclusive of some fine estates in Poland and three millions of Roman crowns, a state bed, and three rubies of inestimable value. This splendid bed was a trophy from the battle of Vienna, and the material of which it was made, was taken from that part of the fortification where the standard of Mahomet with the Alcoran upon it, was placed for security. It was a brocade from Smyrna of cloth of gold, upon which Islamite verses were written with turquoises and fine pearls.

This magnificent piece of workmanship was a present from the immediate nobility

of the Cardinal-electors, were merely alcoves adjoining the cell of their conclavist. *

Apropos of conclavists, I must tell you that the Cardinal de Gèvres had one who was called the Abbè de Beaumont; I shall often have occasion to speak of him, and during a protracted period, as he died Archbishop of Paris in 1781. He was at that time a handsome young man of eighteen or twenty years of age, of angelic modesty, but with the devil's own appetite! He was curious about antiquities, and was always making excursions in the campagna of Rome.

The Cardinal had another French Abbé as train-bearer, with whom little De Beaumont used to make archæological expeditions or pilgrimages beyond the walls, and upon one occasion they were obliged to sleep in a public house, being overtaken by a violent storm. The train-bearer went off at once

* The person in attendance on, and shut up with a Cardinal during the conclave.—(*Translator's Note.*)

to bed without any supper, which would not exactly have suited the conclavist, so as soon as the latter had finished his repast, they gave him a little lamp and told him that he must go and sleep with his companion, for they had no other bed to offer him.

“The little door on the right, at the end of the long passage of the ground floor on the left—there are two steps to ascend—you cannot go wrong...” and there he placed himself by the side of his companion.

I must tell you that this room had formerly been used as a kitchen, and there was a fire of juniper branches kept up on the hearth for the purpose of drying and smoking sundry fitches of bacon.

The Abbé de Beaumont had not been in bed more than five or six minutes, when he saw the door open and a pretty young girl came in with a tallish lad ; they went and knelt very properly at the two corners of the chimney piece and began to recite the litanies of the saints ; the youth had im-

perceptibly approached the young girl on his knees, and when he was quite close to her, he was just going to kiss her, when she bounded to the other end of the room exclaiming.

“ You are a regular Turk !—in the presence of a dead boby ? ”—

The Abbé de Beaumont then perceived that he had an icy cold leg by the side of his own, and he made a movement to turn himself round and look his neighbour in the face...It was a corpse !...

You may think how he got out of bed, and imagine the terror of the poor girl.

END OF VOL. I.

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